Newport Mercury.

THE OLDEST PAPER IN AMERICA. ESTABLISHED BY FRANKLIN 1758.

VOLUME CL.---NO. 4. NEWPORT, R. I., JULY 6, 1907. WHOLE NUMBER 8,385.

The Mercury.

—PUBLISHED BY—

THE MERCURY PUBLISHING CO

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor.

182 THAMES STREET.

NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1758, and is now in its one hundred and fiftieth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Local Matters.

Seriously Shot.

There was a shooting affray on the Fourth of July as a result of which one man was taken to the hospital in a very precarious condition and his assailant was held at the police station to await the result of his injuries. The parties concerned were all Italians employed on the estate of T. M. Davis at Brenton's Point.

Just what the row was about is somewhat clouded, but there was a dog involved and the dog got kicked. Some time after the affair occurred the police were notified and found John Grande, 33 years old, suffering from gun shot wounds in the head and shoulder. He was hurried to the hospital where his ante-mortem statement was taken.

The police began an immediate search for his assailant and later in the day arrested an Italian with an unpronounceable name. He was taken to the hospital and confronted by his victim who identified him as the man that did the shooting.

The assailant claims to belong in Boston, while the victim gave Newport as his home.

The trial board of the navy in charge of the competitive tests of the submarine boats in Newport harbor and elsewhere has reported unanimously in favor of the type of the Octopus, built by the Electric Boat Company of New York. There is an appropriation of $3,600,000 available for the purchase of submarine craft and all of this amount will probably be expended in securing boats of the Octopus type. There will be some of the same size as the Octopus and some a little larger. The performance of this type of boat during the competitive tests in Narragansett Bay a few weeks ago was regarded as remarkable.

About $12,500,000 will be turned over to Miss Gladys Moore Vanderbilt next month, when she attains legal age. This amount will represent her share of the Vanderbilt fortune. Miss Vanderbilt is the youngest of the five direct heirs to the vast fortune accumulated by the third head of the house of Vanderbilt. The others are Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Reginald C. Vanderbilt and Alfred G. Vanderbilt. Alfred Vanderbilt received the largest portion of the fortune. All of these, save Miss Gladys, are of age, and have already received their shares.

Mr. James Murray died on Saturday after a short illness. He had been for many years gardener at the summer residence of Mr. Henry Clews near Bailey's Beach and was regarded as able and competent. He had many friends in the lower part of the city who learned of his sudden death with great regret. He is survived by three children, two daughters and one son, all of whom are graduates of the Rogers High School.

Mrs. William H. Hughes entertained the Rhode Island Branch of the Jolly Jokers' Club at Easton's Beach Monday afternoon, when a clambake was served and the guests pleasantly entertained during the afternoon with music and a social time. Mrs. Hughes was the recipient of a useful writing pad with a silver pen holder and ornaments, a gift of the members of the club.

Baron and Baroness Rosenkrantz of Denmark are at the Muenchinger-King cottage. They have been in Lancaster, Mass., the past week attending the wedding of the Baron's brother, Count von Moltke, to Miss Cornelia Van Rensselaer Thayer.

Mr. William Burdick, son of Mr. Edwin S. Burdick of this city, has graduated from the medical school of the University of Pennsylvania. Mr. Burdick was in Providence the past week to take the examination for admission to practice in Rhode Island.

Many Fires.

Perry Brothers Suffer Large Loss from Incendiary—Cadwallader Cottage Burned—Many Alarms during the Fourth.

On the Fourth of July the fire department had all the business that it wanted. There were three box alarms during the day, and many still's for slight fires caused by the use of fire crackers. That the fire bug is still busy was proved at the first fire of the day, that at Perry Brothers' stable.

It was about 2.20 Thursday morning when an alarm from box 31 called the department to Bull's wharf where there was a bad fire in the two stables, one occupied by Perry Brothers and the other by Gladding's express. When the department arrived both stables were burning fiercely and it was too late to remove anything, but the firemen devoted their efforts to saving adjoining property and in this they were entirely successful, although for a few minutes it looked as though the flames were bound to spread. Although the fire was in a bad place Chief Kirwin felt sure of his men and did not strike a second alarm. After a long fight the fire was extinguished.

The fire was discovered by Jacob Aronson who lives over his restaurant in front of the stable and who telephoned in an alarm. By the time the fire was discovered it had gained great headway and the early arrivals on the scene could do but little. The Gladding stable did not burn quite so rapidly as the Perry stable and there was time to remove the horses and wagons belonging to the Gladdings, so that only some harness and hay were destroyed.

On the other side of the wharf conditions were different. The Perry stable had apparently blazed up at once and it was impossible to get out anything. Six fine horses were burned to death in the barn and all the contents were destroyed. After the flames were extinguished three of the horses were found on the floor of the stable while the other three had perished in their stalls. It was a pathetic sight to see the bodies of these noble animals, and the members of the crowd that looked upon them expressed very bitter feelings against the man that set the fire.

That the fire was of incendiary origin there can be little doubt. The fire was apparently started in a narrow alley between the two stables, completely shut in from observation. It worked rapidly into both stables, the hay and other inflammable material burning rapidly. Persons who passed there a few minutes before the alarm sounded saw no fire and smelt no smoke.

The property of the Perry Brothers was insured though probably not enough to cover the loss as the price of horses is very high at present. There was no insurance on the property of Mr. Gladding but his loss will not be large. The stable occupied by Gladding was the property of Jacob Aronson.

About 3 o'clock in the afternoon box 62 was rung for a slight fire in a house on Connection street which did little damage. It was probably caused by over zealous celebration of the day.

An hour later box 56 was sounded calling the department on a long run from Marlboro street to Ledge Road. The Cadwallader cottage on Bellevue avenue was in flames and was burning fiercely when the department arrived. The servants and neighbors did what they could with garden hose and buckets to control the flames but until the city apparatus arrived the fire was beyond control. The firemen had a long fight and much damage had been done to the house before the flames were extinguished.

The Cadwallader cottage is occupied by Mrs. Natalie Schenck Collius and her mother. Rothacted coolly and under their directions much of the valuable contents of the house were removed before the flames reached them. They were obliged to take refuge for the night in one of the fashionable boarding houses and it will be some little time before the damage is repaired. The loss will amount to several thousand dollars.

There were many still alarms during the day for incipient fires caused by fireworks. One of them was somewhat peculiar, the chemical wagon being called to St. Joseph's church to extinguish a fire in one of the pillars where someone had stuck a fire cracker. The pillar was pretty rotten and bystanders could not extinguish the smouldering fire.

Dr. Proctor, organist at Trinity Church, is enjoying his annual vacation and Mr. Norman B. Cole is acting as organist during his absence.

Rev. and Mrs. John Cornell have arrived from New York and are occupying their country home in Portsmouth.

A new granolithic sidewalk has been laid on Thames street in front of the T. M. Seabury Company's property.

The Cincinnati.

This Ancient Society commemorates the One Hundred and Thirty-first Anniversary of American Independence in a Most Appropriate and Pleasing Manner.

The exercises of the day began at 11 a. m. in the State House, Newport, by the election of a board of officers for the ensuing year, consisting of Col. Asa Bird Gardiner, President; His Excellency, ex-Governor Charles Warren Lippitt, Vice-President; Colonel George W. Olney, Secretary; Thomas Arnold Peirce, Assistant Secretary; William Dehon King, Treasurer; William Blodgett, Assistant Treasurer; Rev. Henry Barton Chapin, Chaplain; and Oliver Hazard Perry, Marshal.

At 3 p. m. the commemorative services proper took place in the Representative chamber in the presence of a large audience of ladies and gentlemen. The Society itself was well represented, as was also William Ellery Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution. The President delivered a brief address. "The Sword of Bunker Hill" was sung by Mr. Augustus Franklin Arnold, accompanied by President Albert Ross Parsons, of the American College of Musicians. Rt. Rev. Sidney Catlin Partridge, D. D., Missionary Bishop to Japan, delivered a most admirable address on "America's Influence in the Orient." He was followed by Speaker Burchard, with a pleasing address on "The Changing Years." The addresses all were of a high order of merit and won the hearty approval of the large audience.

The Dinner.

In the evening at the Casino the members of the Society and its guests, to the number of about sixty, sat down to a banquet. The President, Col. Asa Bird Gardiner, presided, grace was said by the Chaplain, and the many good things of the table were enjoyed for a couple of hours, after which came the address. The thirteen original toasts were responded to in an able manner by the various individuals as follows:

I. The State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations. Response by His Honor, Lieut.-Governor Frederick H. Jackson.

II. The Memory of His Excellency, General Washington, our First President General. To be drunk standing and in silence.

III. The Order of The Cincinnati. Instituted by the Officers of the War of the Revolution. Its Principles are Immutable. Response by Mr. Malcom Henry Angell.

IV. Our Great and Brave Ally, the Nation of France. Response by Rev. Dr. Partridge.

V. The American Army—Ever Ready to Defend the Honor and Independence of these United States. Response by Colonel Walter Howe, U. S. Artillery Corps.

VI. The American Navy—May its Victories in War Command Peace, and its Increase in Peace Prevent War. Response by Captain Albert C. Dillingham, U. S. N.

VII. The Memory of Major-General Nathanael Greene and All Who Have Fallen in Defense of America. To be drunk standing and in silence.

VIII. The Constitution of the United States. Response by Hon. George Herbert Utter.

IX. The Patriotic Societies of America. Response by Prof. Wilfred Harold Munro, President R. I. Historical Society.

X. The American Flag. The Emblem of Liberty Throughout the World. Response by Hon. Roswell Beebe Burchard.

XI. The Ever Glorious Fourth of July, 1776. Response by Charles Howland Russell, Esq.

XII. The Battle of Rhode Island, 29th August, 1778. Response by Hon. Charles Warren Lippitt.

XIII. Perpetual Peace and Happiness to the United States of America. Response by Bvt. Brig. General Hazard Stevens.

Music:—America.

Finis:—Auld Lang Syne.

These toasts were interspersed with appropriate music. Space forbids any extended mention of the various addresses. They were all of the highest order of merit and reflect much credit on the authors as well as the Society generally. The people have come to look forward to the annual exercises of this, the oldest of all the great patriotic societies, as one of the important features of the day's celebration in Newport, and its members, most of whom hail from other cities, are always cordially welcomed to this the proper home of the Society, founded by the immortal Washington and fostered by many of the leading patriots of the country from his day to the present time.

The Reception Committee consisted of Hon. William Watts Sherman, Hon. Edward Wilkinson Rogers, Colonel Delancey Astor Kane and Colonel Charles L. F. Robinson.

Mrs. William Storrs Wells will arrive at her Newport villa next week, coming here on her arrival from Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Allen of Providence spent the Fourth in Newport, guests of Dr. and Mrs. John H. Sweet, Jr.

Independence Day.

The Fourth of July, 1907, will pass down into history as one of the most exciting days ever known in Newport. Starting in the wee small hours of the morning with the serious fire at the Perry Brothers stable, the list of stirring events included three box alarms for fire, four still alarms, a probable murder, several accidents, besides the regular events on the programme of the day. There was much going on all day to keep the people amused and it was one of the noisiest celebrations ever known here.

Besides the regular city programme there were meetings of the Italian societies in commemoration of Garibaldi, of the American Jewish Historical Society, and of the Rhode Island Society of the Cincinnati. The city celebration was due entirely to the efforts of Mayor Clarke who unaided raised the funds for the observance after the council had declined to appropriate the money and who personally arranged the programme and saw that it was successfully carried out. He gave a great celebration and the people of Newport as well as the many thousands of visitors had reason to be grateful to him.

It was an ideal day for the Fourth. The sky was clear during the entire day and although the weather was warm enough to drive the people from the great cities to the seashore it was by no means uncomfortable here. There were many excursions here during the day and all the trains, boats and street cars were filled to their utmost capacity. The beach was the objective point for many but the center of the city was crowded all day to see the celebration.

The celebration opened at 6 a. m. with the ringing of the church bells. At 9 o'clock there was a cutter race in the harbor which attracted quite a crowd, the seven contesting crews all being from the Training Station. The race was an interesting one and the winning boat was the No. 7 cutter. There were other water events, including a pair-oared boat race, swimming races and water sports.

At 10 a. m. there were ball games at the Civic League lot and at the old polo lot, and again at 3.30 p. m. there were ball games at both places. Although the teams were all amateurs some very good games were seen and large crowds were in attendance. At 1 p. m. there were some very interesting field sports on the old polo lot for prizes offered by the committee. There were many events and a large number of entries.

The first military pageant of the day was the parade of the Italian societies at 2.30 in honor of the great patriot Garibaldi. The parade started from Music Hall and marched through the principal streets. There were two bands of music and the marchers were greeted with applause.

The parade of the fire department was set for 4.30 and promptly on the minute the parade started but minus a number of pieces of apparatus. However, those people who were on Thames street a few minutes before the hour set for the parade saw an exhibition not on the programme. The down town companies accompanied by a band of music had marched up Thames street to form for the parade and had just swung into West Marlboro street when the alarm came in for the Cadwallader fire at Bellevue avenue and Ledge road. In a moment the line was broken and all the down town companies started in a mad rush down Thames street to the scene of the fire. Headed by the No. 2 truck closely followed by the chief's buggy the apparatus tore through the street amid the cheers of the multitude. There were many predictions of accident but owing to the skill of the drivers all came through in safety. It was the greatest exhibition ever seen in Newport.

There was an immense crowd at Easton's Beach to see the fireworks exhibition in the evening and it was well worth going a long way to see. A portion of the Gibbs land on the side of the hill to the westward of the beach had been selected and proved an admirable place for the exhibition. There was a large display including many handsome set pieces. During the display there was a band concert on the piazza of the beach buildings but the largest crowd of people thronged the street where a better view of the fireworks could be obtained. Afterward there were band concerts on Washington square and Touro Park which closed the programme for the day.

There have been some remarkably big catches of mackerel this week and in fact it has been a very busy fish season here ever since it really started. Although owing to the backward spring the fish did not report for duty as early as usual they have kept the fishermen and the fish buyers very busy ever since.

Mr. Thomas F. Martin is spending his summer vacation with his relatives in this city.

Board of Aldermen.

Ordinarily the first week of the month sees three meetings of the board of aldermen, but this week there have been but two, owing to the fact that the Thursday evening meeting would have fallen on the Fourth of July. Consequently the pay rolls were approved at the monthly meeting of Tuesday evening.

Monday evening the board met as finance committee to look over the monthly bills. Included in those approved by the school department was the one for the removal of type-writers which the aldermen had previously declined to approve and which the city solicitor ruled the school board had a right to contract. When this came up again the board still refused to approve it but it will be paid just the same.

The bill of the Newport Water Works for $5000 for six months' service was approved, although there was some opposition by Alderman Boyle. The extra charge of $300 will go to the courts by agreement between Mayor Clarke and the water company, so the board saw no possible reason why the regular bill should not be paid.

A bill of St. Joseph's Hospital of $100 for care of a patient sent there by the board of health was approved, although the board had had no previous notice of such action. Bills for the use of the new ambulance were laid on the table temporarily as there was no money in sight with which to meet them.

It was voted to remove certain fire hydrants on Spring street from the east to the west side of the street. There was some talk over dustoline and it did not seem advisable for the street department to sprinkle private property even when paid for. The dustoline will be used when needed and more will be purchased when it is necessary. Chief Engineer Kirwin was continued as a committee to secure a temporary store house for the powder and other explosives while the powder house is being moved.

The regular monthly meeting was held on Tuesday evening when bills were approved and ordered paid from the several appropriations as follows:

Board of Health,	$1,096 05
City Asylum,	455 17
Fire Department,	1,375 53
Incidentals,	77 05
Lighting Streets,	2,841 82
Burial Grounds,	65 41
Indexing and Preserving Records,	10 20
Dog Fund,	68 00
Agassiz Fund,	105 20
Ward Meetings,	41 00
Water supply,	500 00
Touro Jewish Synagogue Fund,	39 50
Books, Stationery and Printing,	88 00
Newport Sick	203 00
Police,	191 38
Poor Department,	402 22
Public Parks,	751 95
Public Buildings,	133 04
Public Schools,	2,481 17
Streets and Highways,	10,588 31
Total	$26,311 20

Various monthly reports were received and the weekly pay rolls were approved. Chief Kirwin reported that George Gordon King had offered the use of his ice house for a temporary powder house and the offer was accepted, the contents of the powder house to be removed by the owners. A petition for further dredging in the harbor was received and was referred to the street commissioner.

Jurors were drawn for service as needed during the year as follows:

Grand—William Kane, William F. Lonergan, William A. Stoddard, John F. Sullivan, Lewis Rutter, Thomas J. O'Neill, Benjamin T. Langley, Peter Cocon, James J. Coffey, Josiah L. Leighton, Alexander Booth, Jasper Hicks, George M. Fludder, Thomas J. Lee, Richard B. King, John H. R. Rodda, Abram L. Ash, Jeremiah Crowley, James W. Sullivan, Alexander J. Leclerq, James Boyd, John S. Tocker, Antonio S. White, William H. Grotte, James A. Ebbitt, Dennis Murphy, Michael Leary, Dennis McDonald, James J. Traught, Bowen B. Sweet, John A. Silvia, Daniel J. Watson, Michael J. Beehan, William H. Pendergass, J. F. J. O'Connor, Michael T. Sullivan, James H. Taylor, Thomas H. McDonald, James A. McGowan.

Petit—Timothy Murphy, F. Augustus Ward, George N. Barclay, Ambrose Duggan, John F. Sullivan, Timothy C. McCarthy, James Crosby, William McCarthy, Cornelius P. Sullivan, Michael H. Kearney, Michael J. Murphy, Thomas F. Martin, William Quill, Timothy Houlihan, Charles G. Thrasher, George H. Norman, Frank M. Wheeler, Andrew J. Tabb, Walter H. Clarke, Anthony J. Stewart, Jr., Neil McLennan, Michael F. Murphy, Robert J. Sweeney, Alex. Sevenson, James J. Sullivan, Oscar W. Gustavson, Gardiner B. Reynolds, Herbert L. Marsh, Freeborn Weaver, Oscar Phillips, Samuel Matson, Nicholas Mitchell, George S. Hewitt, Aaron C. Buchanan, John F. Sullivan, George H. Wilbur, John Collins, George F. Nolan, Barney Wilsker, David H. Davis, Walter C. Pember, James Smith, Henry Mayer, Patrick J. Moriarty, Frank W. Merrill, Benjamin Crowell, John J. Murphy, Richard T. Dugan, William Boyd, John A. Gifford, Timothy T. O'Keefe, A. R. O'Hanley, Michael F. Linehan, Charles R. Olney, Michael F. Walsh, John H. Maney, John J. Jordan, John F. Carry, James Martin, George A. Pritchard, Richard O'Neill, Herbert E. Nason, Albert G. Crosby, John O'Neill, Robert B. Lake, Jr., Fred W. Greene, John J. Connell, Hugh L. Taylor, John M. Pepple, Daniel B. Shea, Dennis Harrington, George W. Flagg, Parker L. Thurston, Henri Des Fosses, Arthur B. Commerford, Cornelius J. Sullivan, William J. Walsh, John P. Pinto, George S. Ward, Aron C. Perry, N. H. Rosen, Joseph T. Perry, Manuel B. Ramos, Nathaniel J. Waterson, Jr.

Band Concerts.

The first of the series of band concerts under the auspices of the Park Commission will take place at Morton park next Sunday afternoon. The concerts will be on about the same schedule as in previous years, the Sunday afternoon concerts being at Morton park, and the Tuesday and Thursday evening concerts divided among the other parks. The bands taking part will be the Newport and the Fort Adams bands, each having one half the number of concerts.

The schedule for the season is as follows:

1. Sunday, July 7, Morton Park.
2. Tuesday, July 9, Battery Park.
3. Thursday, July 11, Mall.
4. Sunday, July 14, Morton Park.
5. Tuesday, July 16, Touro Park.
6. Thursday, July 18, Battery Park.
7. Sunday, July 21, Morton Park.
8. Tuesday, July 23, Mall.
9. Thursday, July 25, Touro Park.
10. Sunday, July 28, Morton Park.
11. Tuesday, July 30, Battery Park.
12. Thursday, August 1, Mall.
13. Sunday, August 4, Morton Park.
14. Tuesday, August 6, Touro Park.
15. Thursday, August 8, Battery Park.
16. Sunday, August 11, Morton Park.
17. Tuesday, August 13, Mall.
18. Thursday, August 15, Touro Park.
19. Tuesday, August 20, Battery Park.
20. Thursday, August 22, Mall.
21. Tuesday, August 27, Touro Park.
22. Thursday, August 29, Battery Park.
23. Tuesday, September 3, Mall.
24. Thursday, September 5, Touro Park.

Superior Court.

Monday was motion day in the Superior Court, and Judge Mumford found considerable business awaiting him. A number of assignments were made for the October session of the court. Judgment was entered for plaintiff in the case of North American Storage Company vs. John T. Reagan, the amount of the judgment being about $1400. William F. Caswell of Jamestown was appointed trustee of a fund for the benefit of Newton Herbert Langley, a vacancy having been caused by the death of James W. Langley.

The Tiverton divorce case of Osmond V. Potter vs. Edith H. Potter was taken up, Messrs. Sheffield and Harvey for the petitioner and Mr. Burdick for the respondent. This was a contested case in which both husband and wife desired a divorce but each denied the other's allegations. The case was a very much mixed one and occupied the greater part of the day. There were many witnesses heard and the case was followed with much interest by those who were in court.

At the conclusion of the hearing the court announced that the petitioner had not proved his case and decision was reserved as to whether Mrs. Potter was entitled to a divorce.

No Public Bequests.

The will of the late William P. Sheffield, Sr., was admitted to probate at the regular session of the court on Monday, Lillias S. Sheffield and William P. Sheffield, Jr., being confirmed as executors. All bequests under the will are for the benefit of his immediate family, consisting of two daughters and one son. The real estate is specifically divided among the three, the homestead, Park House, stables and some other property being left to Lillias S. Sheffield. The estate at Mary and Division streets and several lots of land in Middletown and other places go to Mary A. Moriarty. To William P. Sheffield, Jr., is left the Perry Mill property and wharf, also the valuable law library.

All the personal estate not otherwise disposed of is to be divided equally among the three children.

Eleven boats of the Bristol Yacht Club started out on the ocean race to Montauk Point Saturday afternoon and nine of them completed the course. A violent storm prevailed and the little craft were in the gravest danger but fortunately none met with fatal accidents. Two men were washed overboard from the Little Rhody but by great luck and cool judgment succeeded in regaining the boat and their craft was successful in winning the race.

The Newport Artillery Company held an enjoyable field day at Coddington's Point on the Fourth of July, a programme of sports being arranged and a clambake served at noon. In the afternoon there was a dress parade under the command of Col. Robinson. Many officers of the regular army were present.

Mr. Joseph W. Albro, of this city, who has been at Mt. Kisco, New York, for some time past, spent the Fourth with relatives in this city.

Mr. C. Arthur Brownell is spending his summer vacation in Newport.

Mr. Lewis L. Simmons is very ill at his home on Farewell street.

THE CONQUEST of CANAAN

By BOOTH TARKINGTON,
Author of "Cherry," "Monsieur Beaucaire," Etc.

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(CONTINUED.)

"I hope you will," he answered and then, when the minister had departed, stood looking after him with sad eyes, in which there dwell obscure meditations. Ladew's word of farewell had covered a deep look at Ariel, which was not to be mistaken by Joseph Louden for anything other than what it was. The clergyman's secret was an open one, and Joe saw that he was as frank and manly in love as in all other things. "He's a good fellow," he said at last, sighing—"a good man."

Ariel agreed. "And he said more to me than he did to you."

"Yes; I think it probable." Joe smiled sorrowfully.

"About you, I mean." He had time to fear that her look admitted confusion before she proceeded: "He said he had never seen anything so fine as your coming down those steps. Ah, he was right! But it was harder for me to watch you, I think, than for you to do it, Joe. I was so horribly afraid—and the crowd between us—if we could have got near you—but we couldn't—we"—

She faltered and pressed her hand close upon her eyes.

"We?" asked Joe slowly. "You mean you and Mr. Ladew?"

"Yes; he was there, but I mean"—her voice ran into a little laugh with a beatific quaver in it—"I mean Colonel Fliteroft and Mr. Bradbury and Mr. Buckalew, too—we were hemmed in together when Mr. Ladew found us. And, oh, Joe, when that cowardly rush started toward you those three— I've heard wonderful things in Paris and Naples, cabmen quarreling and disappointed beggars, but never anything like them today"—

"You mean they were profane?"

"Oh, magnificently, and with such inventiveness! All three begged my pardon afterward. I didn't grant it—I blessed them."

"Did they beg Mr. Ladew's pardon?"

"Ah, Joe!" she reproached him. "He isn't a prig. And he's had to fight some things that you of all men ought to understand. He's only been here a few months, but he told me that Judge Pike has been against him from the start. It seems that Mr. Ladew is too liberal in his views. And he told me that if it were not for Judge Pike's losing influence in the church on account of the Beaver Beach story the judge would probably have been able to force him to resign, but now he will stay."

"He wishes to stay, doesn't he?"

"Very much, I think. And, Joe," she continued thoughtfully, "I want you to do something for me. I want you to go to church with me next Sunday."

"To hear Mr. Ladew?"

"Yes. I wouldn't ask except for that."

"Very well," he consented, with averted eyes. "I'll go."

Her face was radiant with the smile she gave him. "It will make me very happy," she said.

He bent his head and fumbled over some papers he had taken from his pocket. "Will you listen to these memoranda? We have a great deal to go over before 8 o'clock."

Judge Pike stood for a long while where Joe had left him, staring out at the street apparently. Really he saw nothing. Undoubtedly an image of blurring foliage, cast iron, cement and turf, with sunshine smeared over all, flickered upon the retinas of his eyes, but the brain did not accept the picture from the optic nerve. Martin Pike was busy with other visions. Joe Louden had followed him back to his hidden deeds and had read them aloud to him as Gabriel would read them on judgment day. Perhaps this was the judgment day.

Martin Pike had always been prompt. It was one of the things of which he had been proud. In all his life he had never failed to keep a business engagement precisely upon the appointed time, and the courthouse bell clanged eight when Sam Warden opened the door for his old employer tonight.

The two young people looked up gravely from the script laden table before them as Martin Pike came into

"Well," he said brokenly, "what are you going to do?"

the strong lamplight out of the dimness of the hall, where only a taper burned. He shambled a few limp steps into the room and came to a halt. Big as he was, his clothes hung upon him loosely, like coverlets upon a collapsed bed, and he seemed but a distorted image of himself, as if, save for the dull and reddened eyes, he had been made of yellowish wax and had been left too long in the sun. Abject, hopeless, his attitude a confession of ruin and shame, he stood before his judges in such wretchedness that in comparison the figure of Happy Fear, facing the courtroom through his darkest hour, was one to be envied.

"Well," he said brokenly, "what are you going to do?"

Joe Louden looked at him with great intentness for several moments, then he rose and came forward. "Sit down, judge," he said. "It's all right. Don't worry."

CHAPTER XXV.

MRS. FLITCROFT at breakfast on the following morning continued a disposition which had ceased the previous night only because of a provoking human incapacity to exist without sleep. The Toesin had been her great comfort.

"Yes, young man," she said as she lifted her first spoonful of oatmeal, "you better read the Toesin!"

"I am reading it," responded Norbert, who was almost concealed by the paper.

"And your grandfather better read it," she continued severely.

"I already have," said the colonel promptly. "Have you?"

"No, but you can be sure I will."

"All right," said Norbert, suddenly handing her the paper. "Go ahead."

"Ha!" exclaimed Mrs. Fliteroft. "Here it is in headlines on the first page. 'Defense Scores Again and Again. Ridiculous Behavior of a Would Be Mob. Louden's'"— She paused, removed her spectacles, examined them dubiously, restored them to place and continued, "'Louden's Masterly Conduct and Well Deserved'"—She paused again, incredulous—"'Well deserved Triumph'"—

"Go on," said the colonel softly.

"Indeed I will," the old lady replied.

"Look at the editorials," suggested Norbert. "There's one on the same subject."

"'The best of us make mistakes, and it is well to have a change of heart sometimes.'" Thus Eugene's successor had written, and so Mrs. Fliteroft read. "'An open confession is good for the soul. The Toesin has changed its mind in regard to certain matters and means to say so freely and frankly. After yesterday's events in connection with the murder trial before our public, the evidence being now all presented, for we understand that neither side has more to offer, it is generally conceded that all good citizens are hopeful of a verdict of acquittal, and the Toesin is a good citizen. No good citizen would willingly see an innocent man punished, and that our city is not to be disgraced by such a miscarriage of justice is due to the efforts of the attorney for the defendant, who has gained credit not only by his masterly management of this case, but by his splendid conduct in the face of danger yesterday afternoon. He has distinguished himself so greatly that we frankly assert that our citizens may point with pride to'"— Mrs. Fliteroft's voice, at the beginning pitched to a high exultation, had gradually lowered in key and dropped down the scale till it disappeared altogether.

The Toesin's right about face undermined others besides Mrs. Fliteroft that morning and rejoiced greater, though not better, men than the colonel. Mr. Farbach and his lieutenants smiled, yet stared, amazed, wondering what had happened. That was a thing which only three people even certainly knew, yet it was very simple.

The Toesin was part of the judge's restitution.

"The controlling interest in the paper, together with the other property I have listed," Joe had said, studying his memoranda under the lamp in Roger's old studio, while Martin Pike listened with his head in his hands, "make up what Miss Tabor is willing to accept. As I estimate it, their total value is between a third and a half of that of the stock which belonged to her."

"But this boy—this Fliteroft," said Pike feebly; "he might"—

"He will do nothing," interrupted Joe. "The case is 'settled out of court,' and even if he were disposed to harass you he could hardly hope to succeed, since Miss Tabor declines either to sue or to prosecute."

The judge winced at the last word. "Yes—yes, I know, but he might—he might—tell."

"I think Miss Tabor's influence will prevent. If it should not—well, you're not in a desperate case by any means. You're involved, but far from stripped. In time you may be as sound as ever. And if Norbert tells there's nothing for you to do but to live it down." A faint smile played upon Joe's lips as he lifted his head and looked at the other. "It can be done, I think."

It was then that Ariel, complaining of the warmth of the evening, thought it possible that Joe might find her fan upon the porch and as he departed whispered hurriedly, "Judge Pike, I'm not technically in control of the Toesin, but haven't I the right to control its policy?"

"I understand," he muttered. "You mean about Louden—about this trial"—

"That is why I have taken the paper."

"You want all that changed, you mean?"

She nodded decisively. "From this instant, before morning."

"Oh, well, I'll go down there and give the word." He rubbed his eyes wearily with big thumbs. "I'm through fighting. I'm done. Besides, what's the use? There's nothing more to fight."

"Now, judge," Joe said as he came in briskly, "we'll go over the list of that unincumbered property, if you will."

This unincumbered property consisted of Beaver Beach and those other belonging of the judge which he had not dared to mortgage. Joe had somehow explained their nature to Ariel, and these, with the Toesin, she had elected to accept in restitution.

"You told me once that I ought to look after my own property, and now I will. Don't you see?" she cried to Joe eagerly. "It's my work!" She resolutely set aside every other proposition, and this was the quality of mercy which Martin Pike found that night.

There was a great crowd to hear Joe's summing up at the trial, and those who succeeded in getting into the courtroom declared that it was worth the struggle. He did not orate,

"I understand," he muttered. "You mean about Louden"—

he did not "thunder at the jury," nor did he slyly flatter them. He did not overdo the confidential, nor seem so secure of understanding beforehand what their verdict would be that they felt an instinctive desire to fool him. He talked colloquially, but clearly, without appeal to the pathetic and without garnitures, not mentioning sunsets, birds, oceans, homes, the glorious old state or the happiness of liberty, but he made everybody in the room quite sure that Happy Fear had fired the shot which killed Cory to save his own life. And that, as Mr. Bradbury remarked to the colonel, was "what Joe was there for!"

Ariel's escort was increased to four that day. Mr. Ladew sat beside her, and there were times when Joe kept his mind entirely to the work in hand only by an effort, but he always succeeded. The sight of the pale and worshiping face of Happy Fear from the corner of his eye was enough to insure that. And people who could not get near the doors, asking those who could, "What's he doin' now?" were answered by variations of the one formula, "Oh, jest walkin' away with it!"

Once the courtroom was disturbed and set in an uproar which even the judge's customary threat failed to subdue. Joe had been talking very rapidly and having turned the point he was making with perfect dexterity, the jury listening eagerly, stopped for a moment to take a swallow of water. A voice rose over the low hum of the crowd in a delirious chuckle, "Why don't somebody 'head him off?'" The room instantly rocked with laughter, under cover of which the identity of the sacrilegious chuckler was not discovered, but the voice was the voice of Buckalew, who was incredibly surprised to find that he had spoken aloud.

The jury were "out," after the case had been given to them, seventeen minutes and thirty seconds by the watch Claudine held in her hand. The little man, whose fate was now on the knees of the gods, looked pathetically at the foreman and then at the face of his lawyer and began to shake violently, but not with fright. He had gone to the jail on Joe's word, as a good dog goes where his master bids, trustfully, and yet Happy had not been able to keep his mind from considering the horrible chances. "Don't worry," Joe had said. "It's all right. I'll see you through." And he had kept his word.

The little man was cleared.

It took Happy a long time to get through what he had to say to his attorney in the anteroom, and even then, of course, he did not manage to put it in words, for he had "broken down" with sheer gratitude. "Why, d—n me, Joe," he sobbed, "if ever I—if ever you—well, by God, if you ever"— This was the substance of his lingual accomplishment under the circumstances. But Claudine threw her arms around poor Joe's neck and kissed him.

Many people were waiting to shake hands with Joe and congratulate him. The trio, taking advantage of seats near the rail, had already done that (somewhat uproariously) before he had followed Happy, and so had Ariel and Ladew, both, necessarily, rather hurriedly. But in the corridors he found, when he came out of the anteroom, clients, acquaintances, friends—old friends, new friends and friends he had never seen before—everybody beaming upon him and wringing his hand, as if they had been sure of it all from the start.

They gathered round him if he stopped for an instant and crowded after him admiringly when he went on again, making his progress slow. When he finally came out of the big doors into the sunshine, there were as many people in the yard as there had been when he stood in the same place and watched the mob rushing his client's guards. But today their temper was different, and as he paused a moment, looking down on the upturned, laughing faces, with a hundred jocular and congratulatory salutations shouted up at him, somebody started a cheer, and it was taken up with thunderous good will.

There followed the interrogation customary in such emergencies, and the anxious inquirer was informed by four or five hundred people simultaneously that Joe Louden was all right.

"Head him off!" bellowed Mike Sleehan, suddenly darting up the steps. The shout increased, and with good reason, for he stepped quickly back within the doors and, retreating through the building, made good his escape by a basement door.

He struck off into a long detour; but, though he managed to evade the crowd, he had to stop and shake hands with every third person he met. As he came out upon Main street again he encountered his father.

"Howdy do, Joe?" said this laconic person and offered his hand. They shook briefly. "Well," he continued, rubbing his beard, "how are ye?"

"All right, father, I think."

"Satisfied with the verdict?"

"I'd be pretty hard to please if I weren't," Joe laughed.

Mr. Louden rubbed his beard again. "I was there," he said, without emotion.

"At the trial, you mean?"

"Yes." He offered his hand once more, and again they shook. "Well, come around and see us," he said.

"Thank you. I will."

"Well," said Mr. Louden, "good day, Joe."

"Good day, father."

The young man stood looking after him with a curious smile. Then he gave a slight start. Far up the street he saw two figures—one a lady's in white, with a wide white hat; the other a man's, wearing recognizably clerical black. They seemed to be walking very slowly.

It had been a day of triumph for Joe, but in all his life he never slept worse than he did that night.

CHAPTER XXVI.

HE woke to the chiming of bells, and as his eyes slowly opened the sorrowful people of a dream, who seemed to be bending over him, weeping, swam back into the darkness of the night whence they had come and returned to the imperceptible, leaving their shadows in his heart. Slowly he rose, stumbled into the outer room and released the fluttering shade, but the sunshine, springing like a golden lover through the open window, only dazzled him and found no answering gladness to greet it or joy in the royal day it heralded.

It would be an hour at least before time to start to church, when Ariel expected him. He stared absently up the street, then down and, after that, began slowly to walk in the latter direction with no very active consciousness or care of where he went. He had fallen into a profound reverie, so deep that when he had crossed the bridge and turned into a dusty road which ran along the river bank he stopped mechanically beside the trunk of a fallen sycamore and, lifting his head for the first time since he had set out, looked about him with a melancholy perplexity, a little surprised to find himself there.

For this was the spot where he had first seen the new Ariel, and on that fallen sycamore they had sat together. "Remember, across Main street bridge at noon!" And Joe's cheeks burned as he recalled why he had not understood the clear voice that had haunted him. But that shame had fallen from him; she had changed all that, as she had changed so many things. He sank down in the long grass, with his back against the log, and stared out over the fields of tall corn shaking in a steady wind all the way to the horizon.

"Changed so many things?" he said, half aloud. "Everything!" Ah, yes, she had changed the whole world for Joseph Louden—at his first sight of her! And now it seemed to him that he was to lose her, but not in the way he had thought.

Almost from the very first he had the feeling that nothing so beautiful as that she should stay in Canaan could happen to him. He was sure that she was but for the little while that her coming was like the flying petals of which he had told her.

"Changed so many things?"

The bars that had been between him and half of his world were down, shattered, never more to be replaced, and the ban of Canaan was lifted. Could this have been save for her? And upon that thought he got to his feet, uttering an exclamation of bitter self reproach, asking himself angrily what he was doing. He knew how much she gave him, what full measure of her affection. Was not that enough? Call upon you, Louden! Are you to sulk in your tent, dour in the gloom, or to play a man's part, and if she be happy turn a cheery face upon her joy?

And thus this pilgrim recrossed the bridge, emerging to the street with his head up, smiling, and his shoulders thrown back, so that none might see the burden he carried.

Ariel was waiting on the porch for him. She wore the same dress she had worn that Sunday of their tryst—that exquisite dress, with the faint lavender overtint, like the tender colors of the beautiful day he made his own. She had not worn it since, and he was far distant when he caught the first flickering glimpse of her through the lower branches of the maples, but he remembered. And again, as on that day, he heard a faraway, ineffable music, the elfland horns, sounding the mysterious reveille which had wakened his soul to her coming.

She came to the gate to meet him and gave him her hand in greeting without a word—or the need of one—from either. Then together they set forth over the sun flecked pavement, the maples swishing above them, heavier branches creaking in the strong breeze, under a sky like a Della Robbia background. And up against the glorious blue of it some laughing, invisible god was blowing small rounded clouds of pure cotton, as children blow thistledown.

When he opened her parasol as they came out into the broad sunshine beyond upper Main street there was the faintest mingling of wild roses and cinnamon loosed on the air.

"Joe," she said, "I'm very happy!"

"That's right," he returned heartily. "I think you always will be."

"But, oh, I wish," she went on, "that Mr. Arp could have lived to see you come down the courthouse steps!"

"God bless him!" said Joe. "I can hear the 'argument.'"

"Those dear old men have been so loyal to you, Joe."

"No," he returned; "loyal to Eskew."

"To you both," she said, "I'm afraid the old circle is broken up. They haven't met on the National House corner since he died. The colonel told me he couldn't bear to go there again."

"I don't believe any of them ever will," he returned. "And yet I never pass the place that I don't see Eskew in his old chair. I went there last night to commune with him. I couldn't sleep, and I got up and went over there. They'd left the chairs out, the town was asleep, and it was beautiful moonlight"—

"To commune with him? What about?"

"You."

"Why?" she asked, plainly mystified.

"I stood in need of good counsel," he answered cheerfully, "or a friendly word, perhaps, and as I sat there after awhile it came."

"What was it?"

"To forget that I was sodden with selfishness, to pretend not to be as full of meanness as I really was. Doesn't that seem to be Eskew's own voice?"

"Weren't you happy last night, Joe?"

"Oh, it was all right," he said quickly. "Don't you worry."

And at this old speech of his she broke into a little laugh, of which he had no comprehension.

"Mamie came to see me early this morning," she said after they had walked on in silence for a time. "Everything is all right with her again—that is, I think it will be. Eugene is coming home. And," she added thoughtfully, "it will be best for him to have his old place on the Toesin again. She showed me his letter, and I liked it. I think he's been through the fire"—

Joe's distorted smile appeared. "And has come out gold?" he asked.

"No," she laughed, "but nearer it. And I think he'll try to be more worth her caring for. She has always thought that his leaving the Toesin in the way he did was heroic. That was her word for it. And it was the finest thing he ever did."

"I can't figure Eugene out." Joe shook his head. "There's something behind his going away that I don't understand." This was altogether the truth, nor was there ever to come a time when either he or Mamie would understand what things had determined the departure of Eugene Bantry, though Mamie never questioned, as Joe did, the reasons for it or doubted those Eugene had given her, which were the same he had given her father, for she was content with his return.

Again the bells across the square rang out their chime. The paths were decorously enlivened with family and neighborhood groups bound churchward, and the rumble of the organ, playing the people into their pews, shook on the air. And Joe knew that he must speak quickly if he was to say what he had planned to say before he and Ariel went into the church.

"Ariel!" He tried to compel his voice to a casual cheerfulness, but it would do nothing for him except betray a desperate embarrassment.

She looked at him quickly and as quickly away. "Yes?"

"I wanted to say something to you, and I'd better do it now, I think—before I go to church for the first time in two years." He managed to laugh, though with some ruefulness, and con-

"Ah, I've seen how much he cares for you!"

tinued stammeringly, "I want to tell you how much I like him—how much I admire him"—

"Admire whom?" she asked, a little coldly, for she knew.

"Mr. Ladew."

"So do I," she answered, looking straight ahead. "That is one reason why I wanted you to come with me today."

"It isn't only that. I want to tell you—to tell you"— He broke off for a second. "You remember that night in my office before Fear came in?"

"Yes, I remember."

"And that I—that something I said troubled you because it—it sounded as if I cared too much for you"—

"No; not too much." She still looked straight ahead. They were walking very slowly. "You didn't understand. You'd been in my mind, you see, all those years, so much more than I in yours. I hadn't forgotten you. But to you I was really a stranger"—

"No, no!" he cried.

"Yes, I was," she said gently, but very quickly. "And I—I didn't want you to fall in love with me at first sight. And yet—perhaps I did! But I hadn't thought of things in that way. I had just the same feeling for you that I always had—always! I had never cared so much for any one else, and it seemed to me the most neces-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE.)

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How Vandalia Got Its Name.

Some of the names of towns are arrived at in a peculiar way—for example, the town of Vandalia, in Illinois, which was named in a singular manner. The man who owned the land on which the present town of Vandalia is situated was a man without a great deal of education and wanted a lawyer friend of his, who was a wag, to give him a name for his new town. The wag suggested that the Vandals were a very noted people and that he should name the town Vandalia, or the "home of the Vandals." It was at that time the coming metropolis of Illinois, and subsequently the capital of that state, and was named Vandalia, the home of the Vandals, according to the wit's suggestion.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The First Book Catalogue.

The first book catalogue was issued in 1564 in Augsburg, Germany, by one George Willer. It was a quarto of nineteen pages and recorded the titles of 256 books arranged in classes.

Hand lists or posters were printed as early as 1469 by Jonathan Mentel (or Meutelin) of Strassburg, who printed the first edition of the Bible in 1465 or 1466. The first catalogue in England was printed in 1595 by John Windet for Andrew Maunsell, a bookseller.—Minneapolis Journal.

Cause or Effect.

Assistant Editor—Here's a poem from a fellow who is serving a five years' term in the Eastern penitentiary. Managing Editor—Well, print it with a footnote explaining the circumstance. It may serve as a warning to other poets.—Philadelphia Record.

Musical Note.

He—Are you musical? She—I play the piano. He—Well, that's not an absolute denial.—Pick-Me-Up.

Eskimo and Indians and other savage tribes that are skilled in the use of the bow and arrow can shoot an arrow so it will go sidewise. This is their way of shooting when trying to hit a descending arrow or one sticking upright in the ground.—Minneapolis Journal.

WASHINGTON'S WOOING.

Matters of Importance Forgotten Because of Martha Custis.

In the traditions of any member of the Washington family the story of Martha Curtis is of supreme importance, writes Cora A. Moore in the New Broadway Magazine.

It happened one day that she was visiting at the plantation of a neighbor, Major Chamberlayne, when there came riding in haste an officer in the British uniform. The business that he had with the major he transacted quickly, declining an invitation to stay because, as he declared, he was on his way to the governor at Williamsburg on matters of importance. But the host repeated the invitation more urgently, slyly remarking that he had also beneath his roof the handsomest widow in Virginia, a young and charming woman.

Ah, a lady in the case! That was different. But the plans of men have often waited on Cupid. When the officer bowed low over the hand of the lady whom he met in the major's drawing room he forgot Williamsburg and the governor, and she, pleased with the courage of that colonel, George Washington, of whose military fame she had heard so much, scintillated and sparkled with even more than her usual fascination. That evening, long after the rest of the household had retired, he and the charming widow sat by the fireplace in the shadowy drawing room quite without a chaperon to regulate the tide of swiftly moving events.

Soon there was a resplendent wedding at the home of the bride. Directly afterward a coach and six horses, guided by liveried black postillons, conveyed the newly married pair to her town house in Williamsburg. Business interests for some time demanded the presence of Colonel Washington at the capital. Later he took his bride and her two children, Martha Parke Custis and John Parke Custis, to his own estate at Mount Vernon, where they enjoyed that happy domestic life which is celebrated in history.

PORTABLE FIREARMS.

The First Muskets Were Clumsy and Awkward to Handle.

While the introduction of portable firearms into Europe is of comparatively recent date, their use was frequent among the Mohammedans of eastern Asia at a very early period. La Brocquiere, who made a journey to Jerusalem in the middle of the fifteenth century and who traveled extensively in the east, mentions the firing of small arquebuses at the great festivals in Damascus.

The first use of muskets in Europe was at the siege of Rhege in 1521 by the Spanish soldiers. These arms were so extremely heavy that they could not be used without a rest. They were provided with matchlocks and were effective at a considerable distance. While on the march the soldiers themselves carried only the ammunition and the rests, and boys bearing the muskets followed after, like caddies on a golf course.

Loading these cumbersome arms was a slow operation. They were clumsy and awkward to handle. The ball and powder were carried separately, and the preparation and adjustment of the match took a long time.

Before long, however, improvements began to be made. The guns became lighter in construction, and the soldiers carried their ammunition in broad shoulder belts called bandeliers, to which were suspended a number of little leather covered wooden cases, each of which held a charge of powder. A pouch, in which the bullets were carried loose, and a priming horn hung at the side of the soldier.

As late as the time of Charles I. muskets with rests were still in use, and it was not until the beginning of the eighteenth century that firelocks were successfully employed.

The Word "Widow."

As a word "widow" is most interesting. Max Mueller traced it back through thousands of years with hardly any change of form or meaning. "The word at its original formation meant simply a woman left without a man, just as it does today, and it has remained all these ages materially unchanged both in sound and meaning." A thousand years ago the Anglo-Saxons used the word in England and north Germany. The Meso-Goths and, earlier than they, the Latin people knew it centuries before the Anglo-Saxons, and the Sanskrit records show that a thousand years before Latin was written the same word was spoken on the slopes of the Himalayas.

Don't Hurry.

Do nothing in a hurry. Nature never does. "More haste, worse speed," says the old proverb. If you are in doubt, sleep over it. But, above all, never quarrel in a hurry; think it over well. Take time. However vexed you may be overnight, things will often look different in the morning. If you have written a clever and conclusive but scathing letter, keep it back till the next day, and it will very often never go at all.—Lord Avebury.

Good Natured.

Young Man—I shall soon pay you, my landlady, for I am going to be married.

Landlady—Oh, you need not marry for the sake of the few marks you owe me, Herr Eller.—Meggendorfer Blatter.

Labor rids us of three great evils—tediousness, vice and poverty.—French Proverb.

Woman is the one problem that science can never solve.—Chicago News.

Two Runaways.

"Dis paper," said Languid Lewis, "tells erbout a hoss runnin' away with a woman, an' she was laid up for six weeks."

"Dat ain't so worse," rejoined Boastful Benjamin. "A friend uv mine wunst ran away with a hoss, an' he was laid up for six years."—Chicago News.

THE CONQUEST OF CANAAN.

CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.

sary thing in my life to come back to that old companionship. Don't you remember—it used to trouble you so when I would take your hand? I think I loved your being a little rough with me. And once when I saw how you had been hurt, that day you ran away"—

"Ariel!" he gasped helplessly.

"Have you forgotten?"

He gathered himself together with all his will. "I want to prove to you," he said resolutely, "that the dear kindness of you isn't thrown away on me. I want you to know what I began to say—that it's all right with me, and I think Ladew"— He stopped again. "Ah, I've seen how much he cares for you!"

"Have you?"

"Ariel," he said, "that isn't fair to me, if you trust me. You could not have helped seeing"—

"But I have not seen it," she interrupted, with great calmness. After having said this, she finished truthfully: "If he did, I would never let him tell me. I like him too much."

"You mean you're not going to"—

Suddenly she turned to him. "No!" she said, with a depth of anger he had not heard in her voice since that long ago winter day when she struck Eugene Bantry with her clinched fist. She swept over him a blinding look of reproach. "How could I?"

And there, upon the steps of the church, in the sudden, dazzling vision of her love, fell the burden of him who had made his sorrowful pilgrimage across Main street bridge that morning.

THE END.

JOYS OF LIFE IN HAWAII.

Mosquitoes the Only Flaw—Not Even a Servant Problem.

Birds are everywhere in Hawaii. Their music fills the quivering air. One wonders why we do not all live in this paradise, where life seems to stretch out before one in a long, languid dream of delight.

Suddenly through your dreaming comes a rude awakening. The Hawaiian mosquito, the one flaw in the gem, the only thorn in the garden, has called to make your acquaintance and bid you welcome to his domain.

The houses, with their broad verandas filled with palms and flowers and furnished with tables, chairs, hammocks and grass rugs, are a paradise to the weary traveler. It is here that the Honolulu people enjoy their glorious climate.

The lawns, thick and velvety as a carpet, were kept in perfect order by the yard boys, for experienced servants—Chinese, Japanese and Portuguese—can always be had. In fact, the servant problem causes no worry to the housewife, who has but little anxiety in this land of plenty.

Everybody seems to take life easily. The offices close very early, and no one seems to know what care is. The sugar barons, their capital once rightly invested, draw their dividends, and the rest of life is required to spend them.

We stop at the home of our friend, a bungalow that is the picture of comfort. One end of the veranda is used as a sun parlor, sheltered by windows and screens, for what they call cold days—60 degrees above zero.

Numerous rooms connect with this, the dining room being a veranda at the other end of the house and the kitchen a separate building, though connected by a roofed veranda. The guest chambers are cottages by themselves.

The bath is hewn out of solid stone, with a shower above. Servants are provided for in quarters apart from the house. The whole, in fact, greatly reminds one of an old southern plantation home with modern improvements.

Just in front of the house, spreading its great limbs at least sixty feet in diameter, is a great monkey pod tree, and under its protecting branches the children, and older ones, too, enjoy the swings and hammocks in an atmosphere which lulls to sleep. As we sit here at midnight, dressed in the thinnest of summer clothing, with never a wrap, watching the moon rise out of the sea, we understand why the Hawaiian so loves his islands.—World's Work.

THE WHITE BIRCH.

Peeling the Bark Ruins the Tree's Beauty Forever.

One of the loveliest of our trees is the white birch, with its graceful foliage and gleaming trunk, and yet how often it is robbed of half its beauty by careless hands!

The temptation to take off strip after strip of its easily peeled bark seems well nigh irresistible if one may judge by the countless forlorn trunks along our roadsides. Instead of silvery white columns standing out with conspicuous grace from the green of neighboring shrubs and trees, the trunks are marred by great black circles, the results of wounds inflicted by wanton passersby.

Too often this is done merely for the fun of seeing how easily the bark can be pulled off, and no thought is given to the feelings of the owner when he finds that one of his finest trees, in which he took great pride, has been robbed forever of its beauty.

The next time you are tempted to cut off birch bark, stop. Think of the injury to the tree and the injury to all who shall pass that way after you in depriving them of something they might have enjoyed but for you—the sight of that tree in all its beauty. Remember that the bark never grows again.

If you have in mind the making of some article for which birch bark is an absolute (?) necessity, can you not at least take it from some fallen log or from some tree well hidden in the center of the woods, removing only the outer layers, and those in such a way that the tree will suffer as little as possible? By doing this you will earn the gratitude of all wayfarers and landowners.—Plant World.

The oldest and biggest carving fork in the world is kept in the old castle of Pau, in France. It was the property of King Henry of Navarre.

A FRANC FOR A LIFE.

Exciting Adventure With a Moslem Fanatic In Algeria.

Near the western end of Ouar in a lonely street (for most of the men were sleeping from 12 to 3 during the heat of the day) I met a tall, stalwart Kibi from the mountains, writes Rev. W. G. Pope, who was a missionary in Algeria.

Accosting him with the usual Arabic salutation, I asked him if he could read. He answered, "No."

"Where do you live?"

"In the mountain, twenty miles west."

"Have you a sheik who can read?"

"Yes."

"Then will you please take him this book, with my greetings, and ask him to read it to you all?"

"What it is—a Koran?"

"No; the story of the life of the Messiah."

He then turned and asked if I was a follower of the Messiah, to which I answered, "Yes."

Then arose his Moslem fanaticism, for he was an Aissaoua, a terribly fanatical section of the Moslems in Morocco.

Drawing his knife and holding it over me, he uttered one word, "Shahed!" (witness), meaning that I was to say, with my forefinger raised, "There is no God but Allah, and Mohammed is the prophet of Allah."

I felt white, but tried to look courageous and unconcerned. I remonstrated with him for so acting with his Amel's guest, but all to no purpose. He reiterated his one word, "Shahed!"

His knife was an ugly weapon. It looked like a piece of sharpened barrel hoop with two pieces of goat's horn fastened together to make a handle.

Knowing the Arab's love of an English knife, I asked him if his knife was an English one. He answered that he had made it himself.

Remembering that in one pocket I had a franc in silver and coppers and in the other a French louis, I determined to buy the knife if possible.

Taking out my small change, I decided to try that first. I referred to the fact that the English were very proud of their knives and I would much like to take back to my country a Moroccan knife to show what others could do and offered to purchase it.

The sight of the French coppers and a glistening piece of silver was too much even for his fanaticism. He undid his leather sheath, restored the knife to its place, looked once up and down the street to see no one was looking, then, with apparent joy, exchanged the knife for the money and the book and went off happy.

Which of the two felt the happier I cannot tell, but I never forgot that my life in Ouar was purchased back for a paltry franc.—Liverpool Post.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

No man is as wicked as his thoughts.

A whittler never whittles his own furniture.

Being out of a job sort of tames a man down.

What a lot of things people hide from each other!

A man is always at least as old as he confesses to being.

Men have failed in business for every reason but lack of advice.

We are all inclined to waste powder when the enemy is not in sight.

One of the most difficult things in the world is to learn to take a hint readily.

It isn't necessary to go very far from home in order to become a stranger.

The unpopularity of millionaires, however, is not what causes the comparatively small number of them.—Atchison Globe.

How Rossetti First Met His Wife.

It was Millais' picture, "Ophelia," exhibited at the academy in 1852, that provided his friend and brother preraphaelite, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, with a wife. Millais had been altogether at a loss for a suitable model for his picture, but at length secured one in the person of a charming young lady who was employed as an assistant behind the counter of a bonnet shop. She was the daughter of a Sheffield tradesman, a beautiful and lovable girl with a wealth of golden hair, by name Elizabeth Siddal. Young Rossetti straightway fell deeply in love with the fair model. He taught her to paint and ultimately married her.

Man's Precious Rib.

A young lady having asked a surgeon why woman was made from the rib of a man in preference to another bone, he gave her the following gallant answer:

"She was not taken from the head lest she should rule, nor from his feet lest he should trample upon her, but she was taken from his side that she might be his equal; from under his arm, that he might protect her; from near his heart, that he might cherish and love her."—Houston Chronicle.

More Adulteration.

"Mrs. Sandys," said the grumbling boarder, "I am going to write to the city authorities."

"Indeed, sir! What about?"

"About the quality of the water. It's disgraceful. Why, I detected a distinct flavor of coffee in it this morning."—Chicago Journal.

Left Them as Usual.

Roberts—Poor Williams died and left a wife and three children. Jones—That's nothing. He was too mean to take them anywhere when he was living.—Life.

Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm.—Emerson.

Neither Still Nor Small.

"When you do something you know is wrong, doesn't a still, small voice keep reminding you of it eternally?"

"A still, small voice! I guess you never met my wife, did you?"—Houston Post.

The letter "i" was not commonly dotted until the fourteenth century. The first dotted "i" is found in a manuscript dated 1327.

SEA BATHING IN CUBA.

If You Are Tempted to Try It, Resist the Inclination.

If you should chance to visit Cuba, officially or otherwise, and should desire to go in sea bathing, remember the advice of the Englishman and—don't.

For sea bathing in Cuba, like the ways of the heathen Chinee, is peculiar. The natives probably go through it as a religious penance, as, considered in the light of a diversion, it is simply ghastly. Say you reside in Havana, and, attracted by the beautiful tints of the tropic sea, you desire its intimate saline refreshment. You will notice, as you drive along the Malecon, immediately below that fine sea wall some curious masonry construction like the ruins of cells, over which the waves dash and disport themselves. These are, in fact, the remains of former baths that before the Gringo came were used by the natives. You will further notice that there prevail along the Malecon drive odors not at all suggestive of Araby the Blest, and when you find upon closer investigation that the odors are not wholly removed from the fact that all the sewers of the city seem to empty into the sea just below the wall you acknowledge that this fine Malecon promenade has its drawbacks.

The banos, or baths, are out at Vedado, a suburb of Havana, and you are likely to enjoy the drive along by the coast some six miles. The fringes of Havana, as you leave the city proper, are shabby enough, but there's the sea to gladden the eyes, and you anticipate sporting in those bright blue waters with relish.

The first intimation you have of the baths is the apparition of a frame structure that looks like a grand stand. You enter this and purchase your ticket. Then the misery begins. After the usual preliminary process, similar to that prevalent in a watering place in the United States, you go forth, expecting to come upon a sandy beach. Instead, you tread painfully upon sharp rock, and the sight of the place where you are expected to bathe gives you the horrors. It is a cell cut in the rock, with an opening to the sea, through which the water swishes and regurgitates with the advancing and retreating waves. This cell, if you have nerve enough, you descend into by means of steps, taking care not to slip, for the rock is like soap owing to the action of the seaweed. The bottom of the cell is formed of the rough rock, while sharp flints are plentifully strewn about. Your feet are soon lacerated and bleeding.

Suddenly you feel something nip your leg like a pair of powerful tweezers. You put your hand to the afflicted part and find that it is a crab that has laid hold of you. You glance about in hopeless desperation and see that other crabs are coming forth, with laudable politeness, to welcome you to this aquatic bower of bliss. "What in thunder," you think, "is the idea in walling you up in this fashion? Is it a survival of Spanish cruelty?" Then, as your gaze wanders out to sea, you see a long grayish black body shoot swiftly past. The explanation of the walling in part of the transaction is explained by that long, swiftly moving body, for this coast is infested by man eating sharks, and bathing without the precaution of a wall in front of you, with an opening in it just large enough to fill the cell with water, would be likely to prove more gratifying to some hungry shark than to you. You have paid $2, Spanish money, for this delightful experience, but then you can enjoy it just as long as you please.—Washington Post.

Don't Get Excited.

History does not depend on accidents. The growth of the race is toward a definite goal. The rain at Waterloo made no history. Gettysburg was not a scratch. If fate drops a stitch here, she picks it up there. The thread goes on. The current of life moves. The individual plays his part—his little part—and sinks, but there is no hole in the stream when he goes under, whether he be president or plumber, king or carpenter, so don't get excited about your fate. Do the best you can, and, above all, be calm!—William Allen White in Emporia Gazette.

Harry or Nick.

Nicholas Biddle, who was once president of the United States bank, was annoyed by an old negro who persisted in hanging around the premises. One day Biddle inquired in a brusque voice:

"Well, sir, what is your name?"

"Harry, sir, ole Harry," said the other, grimacing and touching his battered headpiece.

"Old Harry?" said Biddle. "Why, that is the name they give to the devil, is it not?"

"Yes, sir; that's right," said the colored man—"sometimes 'old Harry' and sometimes 'old Nick.'"—St. Louis Republic.

The Apparition.

Little Rastus—Has yo' evah seen a ghost, uncle? Uncle Eben—Yaas, chil'; Ah suttenly has. Little Rastus—What did he look like, uncle? Uncle Eben—Waal, it was a coal black night, an' it was de ghost ob a coal black niggah, an' so Ah couldn't see nuffin' 'cept two white chickens he had undah hees arm!—Judge.

Wanted a Decision.

"Get another doctor," demanded Mr. Gotrox, "to pass on my ailment."

"Are not four physicians sufficient?"

"Yes; but I don't want to risk no tie vote."—Washington Herald.

The desire of power in excess caused the angels to fall; the desire of knowledge in excess caused man to fall.—Bacon.

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AGENTS WANTED

to sell the Novels of PAUL DE KOCK. The *Outlook* says "he is one of the most amusing writers of the century;" and Bulwer wrote of him, "more racy and powerful than any other writer I am aware of." Pamphlet sent on request.

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The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor and Manager.

Office Telephone 191
House Telephone 1042

Saturday, July 6, 1907.

It is much too early yet to predict who will be the candidates on the Republican State ticket this fall, but it would not be at all strange if the old ticket of last year, with ex-Governor Utter at the head, was found in the field at the proper time.

Col. Colt's magnanimous action in withdrawing from the Senatorial contest has made him very popular with all the friends of Senator Wetmore and when the proper time arrives they will show their appreciation by their united support for any office in the gift of the people of Rhode Island.

It is whispered in certain Republican national corners, says the New York Sun, that "the ticket is to be Roosevelt and Taft," Vice-President Fairbanks to be eliminated entirely just as Hannibal Hamlin, Vice-President in Lincoln's first Administration, was set aside for Andrew Johnson.

There was a very bad trolley accident in East Providence on Fourth of July morning in which one person was killed and thirty injured. The air brakes refused to work and a heavy closed car dashed wildly down East Providence hill and into two open cars standing at the foot of the hill.

It was a glorious Fourth. Nature did her share by giving us a perfect day. Mayor Clarke, by his efforts in raising the necessary money and preparing a delightful programme, contributed in no small degree to the universal enjoyment, and altogether it can be put down as a red letter day for Newport.

It is said that a strong minority among the stockholders of the New Haven road are opposed to a merger with the Boston & Maine and may call a meeting of the stockholders to pass a vote instructing President Mellen to go no further in the matter. This minority claims that securities have been too rapidly issued and it is time to call a halt.

President Roosevelt, according to those conversant with such matters, is the only President known to have carried a revolver. Since the fact became known there has been an interesting search for details, and there is no record anywhere of any President, save Mr. Roosevelt, who has carried a shooting iron. It is asserted that no foreign potentate, not even the Czar of Russia, carries a weapon of any sort.

Congressman McCall, of Massachusetts, is quoted in the Sunday Globe: "The rate bill hasn't worked at all, so far as I can discover. Suits against railroads are being brought still under the old Elkins act. If the commission meddles up to the limit of its rate-making powers, disaster will come within five years. All the Dingley tariff schedules should be revised. The iron and steel schedule is the worst in the list."

The Republican State Central Committee at its meeting on Monday by a vote of two to one endorsed the candidacy of Hon. George Peabody Wetmore for the United States Senatorship. The gentleman now becomes the only candidate in the field on the Republican side and with proper effort on the part of the members he will be re-elected next January to the place he has so ably filled for the past twelve years. The party is now united and harmonious and the indications point to an old-fashioned Republican victory in November.

General Charles R. Brayton has resigned from the Executive Committee of the Republican State Central Committee. He has for a long time contemplated this action. He still remains a member of the State Central Committee, but desires that the active management of the party shall be placed in the hands of younger men. In his letter of resignation he says: "I do this believing that the active management of the party, now united, can be better entrusted to its many abler and younger members, with the certainty that their enthusiasm and combined efforts will result in a decisive Republican victory." The General has long been an able and sagacious worker for the Republican party, and he will in all probability continue to work in the ranks.

It is the intention of the commissioners to take the Stuart's Washington in the Senate Chamber of the State House in Newport to the Jamestown Exposition. Now this is wrong and should not be permitted. In the first place the Exposition is a practical failure. The building intended for the picture is not yet finished and no one knows when it will be. It will not be fire proof when it is finished. The danger to the portrait in transportation will be great. No money can insure it, as its loss cannot be made good. The State at the last session of the General Assembly appropriated one thousand dollars to fix up the Senate Chamber so as to furnish a fitting setting for this picture and now in the summer season when it is on exhibition every day to remove it for six months is all wrong. The people should rise up in a strong and unanimous protest against such action. There are a few things of value that are still left to this section of the State, and Stuart's Washington is one of them. Don't let it be taken away.

The Merchant Marine.

Second Letter.

Dear sir:—

This significant paragraph was printed a few days ago in the New York Sun:

TO SOUTH AMERICA VIA EUROPE.

MAILS FROM HERE TO SAVE SEVERAL DAYS OVER THE PRESENT TIME.

"The White Star liner Majestic, which sails for Queenstown and Liverpool on Wednesday, will take the first consignment of American mail under the new system of transporting it by the way of Europe to South Brazil, Argentina, Uruguay and Paraguay. The mail will be transferred to a swift liner bound from England for South American ports and will get to its destination several days sooner than it would if sent directly from this port by slow and irregular steamships. The French liner La Touraine, which sails for Havre on Thursday, also will take a batch of South American mail, and the American liner St. Louis, off on Saturday for Southampton, will do likewise. Shippers expect to save from five to seven days by sending their mail by way of England and France."

This action of the Post-Office Department is the direct result of Mr. Carmack's filibuster in the United States Senate on March 2-4, last, against the Ocean Mail bill which had been passed by the House and sent over to the Senate for concurrence.

There are foreign steamships now running from New York to South America. But these vessels are mere "tramps," weak-powered, slow, unfit for the performance of a swift and regular service. Moreover, these "tramps" are controlled by an impudent and greedy European "combine" or trust, with headquarters in Liverpool and Hamburg.

The foreign ship-owners of this "combine" made no secret of their fear of the American Ocean Mail bill, which provided a subvention of $600,000 for a first class, 16-knot steamship service from the Atlantic coast, and the same sum for another line from the Gulf coast, to Brazil, $800,000 for a line from the Atlantic coast to Argentina, and $600,000 for line from the Pacific coast to Peru and Chile. Only two of the foreign steamers now running from New York to Brazil are of even nominally 14 knots; most of them are of from 8 to 11 knots. This bill would have given American manufacturers, farmers and merchants a quicker and better steamship service to South America than that of any European government. It would have brought Brazil within fifteen and Argentina within eighteen days of our American ports, instead of twenty-five or thirty days as now by the slow foreign "tramps." It would have given the Washington government quick, direct and safe transit for its confidential dispatches to its diplomatic and naval officers in Latin America.

President Roosevelt had asked for this; Secretary Root had asked for it; Mr. Cortelyou as Postmaster-General had strongly urged the need of it in his annual reports, speaking of the "complaints of serious delay" in our South American mails and suggesting that to send our mails to South America via Europe and on European steamers "would not only involve the United States in the payment of double transit rates to a foreign country for the dispatch of its mails to countries of our own hemisphere, but might seriously embarrass the government in the exchange of important official and diplomatic correspondence."

European government, be they free trade like England or protectionist like France, subsidize ships of their own for fast and regular mail service to South America. They do it because they know that they can get this fast and regular service in no other way. "Tramps" are sometimes subsidized; sometimes not. But first class mail lines on such routes as those to South America are always subsidized; they have to have this National aid to order to exist. It is in reality not subsidy at all in one sense of the word, but compensation for a great and indispensable National service.

This subject will come up in Congress again next December. It cannot be smothered by a filibuster; it cannot be ignored in the press; it is a question which is not going to be settled until it is settled right.

Meanwhile, the less we have to say about the Monroe Doctrine the better, while the State Department's instructions to our Ministers in South America and their confidential reports to Washington must be carried to and fro on the subsidized mail ships of Europe, the auxiliary cruisers of our rivals in trade and possible enemies in war.

Very truly yours,

* * *

The bill submitted to Congress (Senate bill 6201—3rd session, 58th Congress) by the Merchant Marine Commission, was designed to inaugurate a new era for the American flag, so rapidly disappearing from the sea, and contemplates an annual expenditure of only about four million dollars. We are spending now without any hesitation from two to four hundred million dollars upon the Panama Canal to benefit the trade and commerce of foreign countries exclusively—as we in America have positively none. We spend forty-four millions annually upon postal subsidies to railroad systems of this country. We spend one hundred millions annually to maintain a Navy. The Army costs eighty millions a year. To favor certain localities, Congress voted seventeen millions for river and harbor improvements. Hundreds of millions were spent to free Cuba. To suppress the Philippine insurrection cost one hundred and seventy millions. And the small amount asked for our Merchant Marine ($4,000,000) would bring returns to the commercial and manufacturing industries of the whole continent in excess of any of the foregoing.

By special request, J. P. Morgan travelled in the royal train from Paddington Saturday with King Edward, on the way to attend a house party at Nuneham, the Harcourt family home on the Thames, near Oxford. It is computed the royal visit will cost the Harcourt's upwards of $50,000.

Passenger receipts at the South Station, Boston, in 1906 were very nearly $6,000,000. Each ticket seller handles between 400,000 and 500,000 tickets a year.

Solid for Wetmore.

The Providence Tribune, which has been the official organ of Colonel Colt and his following during the Senatorial campaign, has very gracefully accepted the inevitable and has endorsed the action of the Republican State Central Committee in coming out for Senator Wetmore. In the course of a long editorial in the Tuesday issue the Tribune says:

"So now the withdrawal of Colonel Colt and the due and orderly nomination of another candidate in his place can make no difference in The Tribune's position or in its conviction as to the duty of the citizens of Rhode Island in this Senatorial campaign. It believes that at this particular time in the evolution of the American nation it is of the utmost importance that the Republican party should be strengthened as much as possible for the control and guidance of national affairs; for the conservation of the principle of the protective tariff and its wise adaptation to new conditions; for resistance to the insidious introduction into national legislation of socialistic ideas from Democratic sources, and for the steady promotion of the progressive and virile policies of President Roosevelt.

To make sure the election of a Republican United States Senator is, therefore, the foremost consideration at this time. Duty to the party transcends all minor preferences, and discharge of this duty requires the strictest maintenance of party organization and discipline. The action yesterday of the body regularly established and fully authorized to shape the party's course in this State commands, in this view of the present situation, the acceptance and support of every loyal Republican. No personal prejudices or previous differences of opinion or even open antagonisms can with safety to the party be held other than entirely subordinate to the decision of the majority as expressed through the duly authorized party organization.

"It now becomes the duty of all Rhode Island Republicans, sinking all personal feeling and waiving all personal choice in the matter of candidates, to conform loyally to the rules of party regularity and abide faithfully by the principle of majority rule, without the acceptance of which no party can long maintain itself against the enemy. It is a duty that is perfectly clear; there can be no question on that point. The good of the party, which is synonymous with the welfare of the State and the prosperity of the nation, is to be placed above all individual choice or factional desire.

"If all the Republicans of the State will accept this patriotic view of their higher obligations, with a Senatorial candidate now selected in due and regular order by a majority of the authorized organization, exercising its best judgment in the circumstances attending the discharge of its functions, the party will be able to enter upon the campaign next fall with confident assurance of obtaining a substantial majority in the General Assembly and promptly electing a Republican Senator."

Weather Bulletin.

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Washington, D. C., July 6, 1907.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent July 2 to 6, warm wave 1 to 5, cool wave 4 to 8. Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about July 5, cross west of Rockies country by close of 6, great central valleys 7 to 9, eastern states 10. Warm wave will cross west of Rockies about July 5, great central valleys 7, eastern states 9. Cool wave will cross west of Rockies about July 8, great central valleys 10, eastern states 12.

In connection with this disturbance will come the coolest weather of July, the principal rains of the month will close and dryer weather will come in as this disturbance goes out. This will be unusual. Highest temperatures of July usually come from 5 to 20; this month they will come later. Severe storms are expected during the passage of this disturbance across the continent but these storms cover such a small part of the country that it is not practical to definitely locate them at this time. As meteorology progresses that feature of weather forecasts may be materially improved.

Third disturbance of July will reach Pacific coast about 10, cross west of Rockies country by close of 11, great central valley 12 to 14, eastern states 15. Warm wave will cross west of Rockies about 10, great central valleys 12, eastern states 14. Cool wave will cross west of Rockies about July 13, great central valleys 15, eastern states 17

Here comes in a great hot wave somewhat similar and from similar causes to the hot wave beginning about middle of June. The highest temperature of the month will occur during this and the following disturbance and the corn crop, in a large section west of the Mississippi River and in a small section east of that river, will feel the effect of a drouth from which the full extent of the damage has not been predicted by these bulletins.

Rainfall will be generally deficient after July 11, but serious damage may not result except in limited sections of the corn belt. The two weeks, July 11 to 24, will be all important to the corn crop of 1907. I am expecting the sectional or local drouth of July to extend into August and this high temperature wave, covering middle part of July, will be important as an indicator of what may be expected in August.

About and immediately following date of this bulletin showers, severe storms, great extremes of temperature, may be expected. At this season the weather is usually sluggish, the highs and lows move slowly and weather changes are not frequent but not so for July, 1907; the reverse of the usual may be expected. As to weather this has been a year of contraries and to those who do not read these bulletins the unexpected has occurred. You may count on a continuance of that program.

The stockholders of the Woonsocket Street Railway, the Columbian Street Railway and the Providence & Burrillville Street Railway met Saturday and sold the stock to the Rhode Island Co., the corporation which controls nearly all the street railways in Rhode Island, and which in turn is owned by the New York, New Haven & Hartford.

Within the last week there have been additional acquisitions of Boston & Maine stock by the New Haven R. R. until the total amount held is now nearly one-half of the entire outstanding Boston & Maine capital stock.

Washington Matters.

Another Prominent Japanese is Coming to this Country—Stiff Fine for the Standard Oil Company—President may Settle the Telegraph Strike—Goethals will not leave Panama Notes.

[From Our Regular Correspondent.]

Washington, D. C., July 5, 1907.

The Capital is preparing to welcome another distinguished Japanese visitor. It is Admiral Baron Yanamoto, who is on his way to this country with five other distinguished naval officers. They have been making a tour of the naval countries of Europe inspecting arsenals and dock yards and gathering statistics of naval power and ship building capacity of the various countries. Of course, this is not their ostensible object. They are merely informing themselves on modern practice in ship construction for the benefit of their home government. But it is well understood that it is not only technical information that the Japanese government will reap. The admiral and his party will stay for some days in Washington and will include in their visit all the American navy yards from Brooklyn to Mare Island. This government is preparing to make their stay pleasant for them, and they will be shown all there is to see, and then they can go home and report on the advisability of surprising the United States with a naval attack without a declaration of war, as they did with Russia.

The Department of Justice has been watching with unusual interest the course of Judge Landis of Chicago who has a chance to impose on the Standard Oil Company the biggest fine in the history of courts and corporations. The Standard this week tried its usual method of dictating to the court what it should and should not do. The charge against the company is a combination in restraint of trade, and there are so many convictions against it that if the maximum penalty were imposed in each case, the aggregate would be the immense sum of $20,624,000. Of course it is not likely that any such huge fine will be imposed. The Standard could pay it, of course, and the chances are that it would not begin to cover the amount the company has gathered by violations of law in the past ten years. But that the fine will be a stiff one is indicated by the fact that Judge Landis demanded to know the income and resources of the company before imposing it. He said in explanation that he always made a point of doing this in a case where the amount of the fine was optional with him. He did it, he said, as a matter of justice both to the public and the criminal.

The attorneys for the company coolly refused to give the information, whereupon Judge Landis subpoenaed a number of the principal officers of the company including John D. Rockefeller. The attorneys have been fuming and fussing to get him to recall these subpoenaes, but Judge Landis said that he knew how to run his court and did not propose to be dictated to. The Attorney General approves thoroughly of the firm stand he has taken, and the out come of the contest is awaited with interest as an object lesson to the legal fraternity and corporations in general in their dealings with the courts.

The appeal that has been made to the President to take a hand in settling the telegraph strike is likely to bear fruit. Commissioner of Labor Neil, who seemed to have the things settled a week ago, is in communication with the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, and the other officers of the Industrial Arbitration Commission that was founded by the President with his Nobel Peace Prize money for just such a case as this. If it is decided that the Commission shall take hold of the case, it will be the first time that it has interfered in a strike since it was established last October. Of course, it has no legal right to force arbitration on the contestants, but if the commission drops a hint that the situation is getting out of hand and public policy demands a settlement, there is little doubt that parties to the controversy will arbitrate.

At the same time some of the Illinois representatives in Congress who happen to be members of the commercial telegraphers' union, are preparing a bill that will be submitted to Congress at the next session, providing for a through investigation of the whole telegraph problem with a view to recommending government ownership or government control. As this country is the only great power in the world that does not own and operate its telegraph lines, there is enough that is tangible and practical in the suggestion to make the commercial companies feel a little nervous. At the same time, it must be said to the credit of the private companies now operating the telegraph lines, that the service all round is a good deal better here than it is abroad. The government service in England and her colonies, is not first rate, and the situation on the continent of Europe, while a little better, is by no means so good as in this country though it should be remembered that telegraph service everywhere else is much cheaper than it is in America. Whether the government could or would exert itself as the private companies do in the press service is a serious question, and it is hardly to be supposed that with the government running the telegraph as it does the Postoffice there would be many of the record-breaking feats that are now accomplished in the transmission of news matter.

There has been another of the numerous stories set afloat about chaos and impending revelations of scandal in the Panama Canal service. The present and particular story is to the effect that there is to be an entire reorganization of the Canal Commission owing to the discovery of graft and incompetence everywhere. One thing is very certain, and that is that Maj. Goethals and the other engineer officers who have been associated with him on the work will not resign their jobs as so many of the civil engineers have done, and they will not leave the scene of their work till they are transferred by the War Department. Now Secretary Taft says that the story is made out of the whole cloth, and that he has no intention of removing anyone, though he may send some of the civil employees down from Washington to Panama to let them get more closely in touch with their work. The Secretary says that he and the President are entirely satisfied with the way things are going, and if they are satisfied it is not likely that the private interests who are trying to interfere with the work will be able to do much to hamper it except to circulate scandal stories. And they have become so used to doing this, that it probably has become chronic with them and they may find it hard to stop.

Colonel Edward M. Neill has so far recovered from his recent illness as to be able to drive out.

A Generous Act.

President Roosevelt has received the personal thanks of the Emperor of China for the remission by the United States of all the indemnity that country agreed to pay the United States, with the exception of the actual cost of the military expedition at the time of the Boxer troubles and the expense incurred in the settlement of individual claims. It is estimated that, taking into account the fact that the original payment was extended over a period of forty years at an interest of 4 per cent., the actual sum receivable under the treaty of September 7, 1901, and relinquished by the United States will amount to about $27,000,000.

The Chinese Emperor recognizes in his cablegram that the President has taken the lead in a matter of international justice. It is indeed a noteworthy act that has been performed by the government of the United States, which, taking thought not of what might be exacted under the letter of the treaty, but of what would answer the purpose of essential justice, has remitted to its debtor all over and above actual expenses incurred. Our diplomacy in relation to China has certainly been in its larger aspects informed by magnanimity and far-sighted statesmanship, which, perhaps, may find meet return after many days.

Times Washington special says: That there is a plan on foot to put more of our naval vessels in Pacific waters is a fact. That Japan would not look upon such action in any unfriendly light can be said on the authority of Ambassador Aoki. The changes will be taken by the navy department with the idea of distributing our fleet on a more scientific basis.

The Fore River Shipbuilding Co. has been awarded the contract for the construction of one of the 20,000-ton battleships of the Dreadnaught class. The ship will be completed under the terms of agreement for $4,377,000, which was the second lowest bid, and within 36 months. The other contract was awarded to the Newport News Co., which was the lowest bidder.

An officer of Judge Landis's court in Chicago says, in regard to the appearance of John D. Rockefeller before that court: "John D. Rockefeller will be found if he is in this country. If it is necessary to send subpoenas to every district marshal's office in the United States, and send out 50 men from each office to look for the oil magnate, it will be done."

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt and her daughter, Miss Gladys Vanderbilt, who are in Paris, will spend a portion of the summer at "The Breakers," on the Cliffs.

Election of Officers.

Scandinavian Society of the Three Stars.

President—Henry Johnson.
Vice President—Anton Tollefsen.
Recording Secretary—Edward Larson.
Financial Secretary—Frank P. Lind.
Treasurer—Fritz Shellman.
Guard—August Olson.
Trustee, for three years—John Stohlborg.
Physician, for one year—M. H. Sullivan, M. D.

WEEKLY ALMANAC.

JULY 1907. STANDARD TIME.

	Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon rises	High water Morn	High water Eve.
6 Sat	4 34	7 34	1 52	4 34	5 02
7 Sun	4 35	7 34	2 25	5 23	5 46
8 Mon	4 36	7 34	3 3	6 09	6 27
9 Tues	4 37	7 33	3 46	6 52	7 05
10 Wed	4 37	7 33	sets	7 31	7 42
11 Thurs	4 38	7 32	8 24	8 11	8 18
12 Fri	4 38	7 32	9 2	8 50	8 55

Last Quarter, 2d day, 9h. 31m., morning.
New Moon, 10th day, 10h. 17m., morning.
First Quarter, 15th day, 8h. 11m., morning.
Full Moon, 24th day, 9h. 25m., evening.
Last Quarter, 31st day, 9h. 23 m., evening.

SMALL FARM FOR SALE,

ABOUT 3 MILES FROM NEWPORT.

I have for sale an excellent little farm with 7-room cottage. Well, cistern, stable for 2 horses and 5 cows. Good carriage house. About 4 acres of land. This farm is situated on Paradise Avenue in Middletown and would make an excellent poultry farm. Price only $800. Apply to

A. O'D. TAYLOR,

REAL ESTATE AGENT,
132 Bellevue Avenue, Newport, R. I.

Deaths.

In this city, 29th ult., James Murray, aged 68 years.

In this city, 3d inst., at his residence, 159 Spring street, John Quinn.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Brent Good

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
FOR BILIOUSNESS.
FOR TORPID LIVER.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLOW SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLEXION

GENUINE must bear signature.

Purely Vegetable.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

Cleveland House

27 CLARKE STREET.

The most modern and up to date House in the City.

A perfect House for Permanent or Transient Guests.

Rates, $2.00 Per Day.

SPECIAL RATES BY THE WEEK OR MONTH.

Apply to
2-3 CORNELIUS MORIARTY, Prop'r.

Just Out!

Six New Panoramic Post Cards.

TRAINING STATION,
WASHINGTON SQUARE,
BEACON ROCK,
THE BEACH,
HARBOR FRONT,
THE CLIFFS.

2 for 5 Cents.

SOLD BY

Geo. H. Carr, Wm. P. Clarke, Chas. B. Hadley, 5 & 10 Cent Store, Landers & Son, Wm. E. Mumford, W. T. Rutherford, D. E. Sullivan, A. A. Sisey, S. S. Thompson, Washington Square News Stand, J. T. Allen & Co. and by the publishers,

MERCURY PUBLISHING COMPANY

THE T. MUMFORD SEABURY CO.

214 Thames Street.

A Full Line of all the

NEW

AND

Improved Varieties

OF

VEGETABLE SEEDS

FOR SALE BY

Fernando Barker.

F. W. PUTMAN, OPT. D.

SCIENTIFIC REFRACTIONIST

—AND—

Dispensing Optician.

Formerly with H. A. HEATH & CO.

Children's Eyes a Specialty.

If you have blurring vision, smarting eyes, if your head aches a great deal of the time have it attended to at once by a competent man. The prescriptions that were on file at Heath & Co.'s are now on file at my office. Fine optical repairing of all kinds. Oculist's prescriptions given personal attention.

118 SPRING STREET.

1-27 8:30 a. m.—8:30 p. m.

PERRY HOUSE,

WASHINGTON SQUARE,

OPEN THROUGHOUT THE YEAR

Under entirely new management.
Newly furnished suites with bath up to date.
Rates, $3 up. Special Rates by the Week.
2-24 F. H. WISWELL, Prop.

McLELLAN & HEALD

SAILMAKERS

AWNINGS, TENTS AND FLAGS
BOAT COVERS, CUSHIONS
SPRAY HOODS AND
FENDERS

Commercial Wharf, Newport, R. I.

NEWPORT DIRECTORY

For 1907.

THE CANVASS for the Newport Directory for 1907 is just finished and if any persons have made changes since the canvasser called, or are in doubt as to whether or not the information was correctly given when he did call, will send notice of the same to the News store of William P. Clarke, 234 Thames street, at once, the correction will be made before printing. 6-1-2t

Furnished Cottages

TO RENT AT

BLOCK ISLAND.

H. S. MILLIKIN,

6-9 Real Estate Agent.

A PACIFIC CRUISE

Official Announcement From the President's Secretary

PLANNED FOR TWO YEARS

Disclaims That Movement of Battleship Fleet Is In Any Way Dictated by International Forebodings--What Metcalf Has to Say

Oyster Bay, N. Y., July 5.—The basis of the world-traveled rumor that a fleet of 16 American battleships was to be stationed in the ocean which separates this country from Japan is probably explained in an official statement made public at the executive offices here.

It is the policy of the navy department to get the battleships together occasionally for an extended cruise. Arrangements for such a cruise are now under way. They may or may not mature by the coming winter. The official statement as given out by Secretary Loeb follows:

"There is no intention of sending a fleet at once to the Pacific. For the last two years the administration has been perfecting its plans to arrange for a long ocean cruise of the battleship fleet, when a sufficient number of warships are gathered. This cruise may possibly be to the Pacific, but might possibly be only to the Mediterranean or the South Atlantic. It may possibly take place next winter, but, on the other hand, it may not be convenient to arrange it until later. In any event, after a few months the fleet will be brought back together to the Atlantic coast.

"Whether the voyage is made or not, whether the fleet stays in the Atlantic or goes to the Pacific, will be determined simply as a matter of routine in the management and drill of the navy. It is now part of the settled policy of the navy department, in its effort to keep the navy up to the highest point of efficiency, always to keep the battleships together, maneuvering as a fleet composed of several squadrons, and it is desirable that this fleet should from time to time take a long voyage.

"The relations between the United States and all other powers never were more peaceful and friendly than at the present time, and if the fleet were sent to the Pacific the fact would possess no more significance than the further fact that three or four months later it would be withdrawn from the Pacific. Both would merely be part of the ordinary routine of the naval administration."

Metcalf Makes a Statement

Oakland, Cal., July 5.—Secretary of the Navy Metcalf, in an interview here, confirmed the report that a large part of the United States navy will be seen in Pacific waters next winter. Eighteen or 20 of the largest battleships will come around Cape Horn on a practice cruise and will be seen in San Francisco harbor.

"Many false impressions have gained circulation about the movement," said Metcalf. "I have held all along that there was practically no significance to this movement from a military standpoint.

"It is the policy of the navy department to keep the fleet in American waters as much as possible. It is also our policy to keep as large a number of battleships together as possible. We might as well spend the money in American ports as abroad. In the past we have sent squadrons to various European nations with less advantage than by keeping them at home.

"I have planned this cruise around Cape Horn for the practice of the squadron. How long the ships will remain here I cannot say. I can promise the people of Oakland and San Francisco that they will see one of the finest naval spectacles ever witnessed in Pacific waters.

"I hope the talk of Japanese troubles and of international differences may be dropped by the newspapers. There is nothing to produce any feeling except this talk of the newspapers.

Murderous Band Indicted

New Orleans, July 2.—Nine Italians, two of them women, were indicted for murder in the Lamana kidnapping case. While it is admitted by the prosecution that certainly not more than one of those indicted had anything to do with the actual strangling to death of the Lamana boy, the others are alleged to have known enough about the kidnapping to have prevented the murder. These nine will be tried in St. Charles parish.

Schmitz' Astounding Nerve

San Francisco, July 3.—Mayor Schmitz, who is awaiting sentence under conviction of extortion, has authorized The Associated Press to say that he will be a candidate for re-election to a fourth term and that he has already begun the preliminary work of his campaign. He declares that he is confident of winning at the polls.

Receiver For National Bank

Washington, July 3.—The First National bank of Hicksville, O., has been closed by direction of the comptroller of the currency, upon the report of an examiner showing the bank to be insolvent. National Bank Examiner Thomas has been appointed receiver.

Death of Francis Murphy

Los Angeles, Cal., July 1.—Francis Murphy, the famous temperance lecturer, died yesterday following a long illness and general collapse.

Jury Thinks Loving Was "Insane"

Houston, Tex., July 1.—After being in the jury room 45 minutes the jury returned a verdict of "not guilty" of murder by reason of insanity in the case of former Judge W. G. Loving, who shot and killed Theodore Estes, following a buggy ride Estes had taken with Loving's daughter, Miss Elizabeth Loving, who told her father that her escort had drugged and assaulted her.

TO KILL UNION

Basis of Counter Conspiracy Charge In Haywood Trial

TO EXECUTE OFFICERS

Claim That Detective Agency Was Paid to Secure Conviction and Death, and That Orchard Was Used For That Purpose

Boise, Ida., July 1.—The alleged conspiracy of the Pinkerton National Detective agency, under retainer from the Mineowners' association and the Citizens' Alliance of Colorado and Idaho, to destroy the Western Federation of Miners, was taken up today when the trial of William D. Haywood was resumed on the charge that he murdered former Governor Steunenberg. The defense sets up this as the counter-conspiracy, of which Harry Orchard, it is charged, was simply an agent.

The chief witness to this counter-charge is Morris Friedman, formerly a stenographer for the Pinkertons at the headquarters of the western division in Denver. It is alleged that Friedman, as an agent of Socialists and the Western Federation, procured the position with the Pinkertons for the purpose of spying on the detective agency. Some of the daily reports of the "operators" employed by the detective agency to join the Western Federation and attend meetings of the local unions and to obtain their own election to office in these unions, Friedman has testified, were given to him to copy. He made a copy for himself, and now produces a number of these reports, the admissibility of which as evidence will be argued today. Counsel for the state refuse to attach importance to Friedman's testimony, which is incorporated in a book written by Friedman.

By the introduction of Friedman on the last day of the first week in the inning for the defense, a more positive light is thrown on the position taken by the attorneys who are endeavoring to clear officers of the Western Federation of Miners from the charge of conspiracy to murder. It is clearly indicated that it is purposed to try to show that a conspiracy to exterminate the Western Federation went so far as to procure the indictment of the highest officers of the federation on the charge of murder.

It is asserted that when Orchard was arrested on the charge of murdering Steunenberg he was induced by the Pinkertons to make a confession, implicating Haywood, Moyer, Pettibone, Adams, Simpkins and a number of other officers and members of the Western Federation to such an extent that indictments could be voted against them in Idaho.

Further incriminating evidence was manufactured by the Pinkertons in support of Orchard's confession, it is charged by the defense, so that Haywood, Moyer and Pettibone might be convicted of a capital offense and executed, while many other officers and members of the federation were placed in jeopardy of trial on a similar charge of conspiracy.

A review of the evidence introduced last week brings the conclusion that counsel for the defense will endeavor to prove to the jury that the Pinkerton agency and the Mineowners' association, with the knowledge and approval of the governor of Idaho, the former governor of Colorado and other influential persons, conspired to procure the hanging of Haywood, Moyer and Pettibone, and that incidentally the mineowners are directly responsible for the killing of 14 men in the Independence station explosion.

Boise, Ida., July 2.—Morris Friedman, a Russian stenographer, who left the employment of the Pinkerton agency at Denver to write a book, in which he published certain correspondence of the agency that passed through his hands, was again yesterday the principal figure at the trial of W. D. Haywood.

More than half of the court's day was occupied in reading to the jury copies of the documents which Friedman took from the Pinkerton records. They were chiefly the daily reports of secret agents operating as spies among the unions at Cripple Creek, Victor, Globeville, Colorado City, Trinidad and Denver, and showed a complete surveillance of the Western Federation of Miners and the United Mine Workers of America during the labor troubles in Colorado in 1903-1904. Pinkerton men, they showed, sat in the federation convention in Denver in 1903, reporting all proceedings.

Music Company's Heavy Failure

Boston, July 2.—Schedules filed with the United States district court in the case of the Mendelssohn Music company, a West Virginia corporation, which was petitioned into bankruptcy by creditors, show estimated liabilities of $98,753.

Big Surplus In Uncle Sam's Treasury

Washington, July 1.—So far as working purposes are concerned, the fiscal year of the government closed with a surplus of substantially $87,000,000, one of the largest net balances ever shown.

Capture of Seal Poachers

San Francisco, July 1.—Steamer Homer, from Pribiloff islands, brought word of the capture of 29 Japanese seal poachers at St. Paul's island, off the Pribiloff, by the United States revenue cutter Perry.

Death In Tornado's Wake

St. Paul, July 5.—It is now believed that at least 17 lives were lost in the storm which swept western Wisconsin Wednesday night. Numerous other persons were injured and much damage to farm property and to dwelling houses was reported. According to reports received here, Oakdale was wiped out.

OVER-RATED MAN

Burns Gives Squires His Quietus In a Two Minute Fight

KNOCKED DOWN AT START

Came Back Wobbly and Went Down For Second Time--Took All the Australian's Defense and a Right to the Jaw Put Him Down and Out

San Francisco, July 3.—Bill Squires, the much-heralded champion of Australia, succumbed to the blow of a Canadian fist at Colma after he had been in the ring two minutes with Tommy Burns. The men who witnessed the brief meeting between the two pugilists designated him "a false alarm" who should have been pitted against a fourth-rate fighter rather than any pugilist with the slightest possession of ring skill.

To say that the 8000 persons who journeyed to Colma to witness the fight were disappointed would be phrasing it too mildly. Hundreds of persons came from other states to see the leading fighter of the antipodes battle with the light heavyweight champion of the United States, and anticipation was keyed up to the highest point.

The fight was as good as ended the moment the gong sounded for the men to advance to the center of the ring. That the defensive skill of the Australian was exceedingly poor was speedily attested, for in 10 seconds he was prone on the mat. A well directed right from Burns' fist struck him flush on the jaw. It did not have force enough behind it to give Squires his quietus and, after taking a count of four, he rose in a wobbly fashion and rushed at Burns. The two came into a clinch immediately, but were quickly separated in the center of the ring by Referee Jeffries.

Burns lost no time in following up the advantage he had gained so early. Out shot the dangerous right again and a second time the champion of Australia was on the canvas with Jeffries standing over him, slowly calling off the seconds. But the end was not yet. Squires evidently had some staying powers in the face of punishment administered to him, and he rose weakly and slowly, while Jeffries held back Burns until his adversary was in position to defend himself.

But Squires had little defense left. The terrific rights to the jaw had accomplished the result and the men were barely in position again when the Canadian resumed his aggressive campaign. Burns landed where and when he pleased and for a few seconds continued the rain of blows. The arms of the Australian then dropped in helpless fashion by his side.

Then the finish to the fight came. Burns deliberately selected his mark and with all of his power that was in his shoulders he sent his right to the point of the jaw.

It seemed almost a useless task for Jeffries to go through the formality of counting the man out. There was not a spectator in the arena that did not realize that the fight was over and a rush was made to the ring to congratulate the victor. The fight lasted exactly two minutes and eight seconds.

The fight proved nothing more than that Squires was an over-rated man. Burns, while demonstrating his immeasurable superiority over the Australian, did not have any opportunity to demonstrate whether he is actually entitled to the high pugilistic title that has been bestowed on him.

The receipts were far beyond expectations. Burns earned $18,000—the $10,000 side bet and his $8000 guarantee. Squires takes 21 percent of the gross receipts, about $6300.

Battleship Contracts Awarded

Washington July 1.—Secretary Metcalf has awarded the contracts for the construction of the two 20,000-ton battleships, one going to the Newport News Shipbuilding company at their bid of $4,690,000 and the other to the Fore River Shipbuilding company, Quincy, Mass., at $4,377,000, the first ship being equipped with the British Parsons turbine and the second with the American Curtis turbine.

Typhoid Spreading at Pittsburg

Pittsburg, July 3.—The epidemic of typhoid fever in this city is assuming serious proportions and the health authorities are puzzled at the many cases recorded in June. In that period there were 498 new cases. On account of the cases being scattered throughout the city it is believed the increase is due to the poor water supply.

Young Bathers Drowned

Barre, Vt., July 1.—Russell McDonald, aged 11, and Manson Buchan, aged 9, were drowned in Granite millpond here while bathing. Neither of the boys could swim. The boys are the sons of John McDonald and Alexander Buchan of the granite firm of McDonald & Buchan.

Whiskers Saved His Life

Ithaca, N. Y., July 3.—Thomas Becker, 60 years old, of Enfield, was frustrated in an attempt to hang himself by his heavy beard, which acted as a cushion. His wife found him hanging in the barn, uncomfortable but safe.

Population of Boston

Boston, July 1.—The Boston City Directory, which came out yesterday, contains 289,478 names, which is an increase of 6918 over last year.

$200,000 Loss in Ice Plant Fire

Southwick, Mass., July 2.—One of the largest icehouses in New England, containing about 75,000 tons of ice, together with a large quantity of machinery and 40 box cars, was burned here, causing a loss of 200,000. The icehouse was known as the Congamong house of the Berkshire Ice company, a New York corporation. The cause of the fire is not known.

WILL APPEAR IN PERSON

Rockefeller to Give Evidence In the Standard Oil Inquiry at Chicago

Green Bush, Wis., July 5.—Judge Landis of the United States district court of Chicago, who is spending a few days here, says that he has received numerous requests for information relative to the report that John D. Rockefeller had requested permission to make a deposition in Massachusetts, instead of coming to Chicago to give personal evidence in the Standard Oil inquiry now under way before Judge Landis.

The judge says that he has received no such request from Rockefeller. On the contrary, he had sent the following messages to the United States marshals in the districts of New Jersey, New York and Ohio:

"I have received word that a subpoena was served on John D. Rockefeller at Pittsfield, Mass., on July 3. I have also received the following message from Pittsfield, dated July 3: 'I understand that a subpoena has been issued for my appearance at Chicago on Saturday. No subpoena is necessary. I will be there. John D. Rockefeller.' You will therefore made no further effort to serve processes."

Rockefeller Off For Chicago

Pittsfield, Mass., July 5.—John D. Rockefeller, who was subpoenaed Wednesday, left here last night for Chicago, where on Saturday he will be interrogated regarding the affairs of the Standard Oil company in the federal court. Rockefeller assisted several children staying at the home of his son-in-law, E. P. Prentice, to light fireworks during yesterday.

It is understood that Prentice, in behalf of Rockefeller, notified the United States authorities at noon Wednesday that the head of the Standard Oil company would accept service of the subpoena. It is supposed that the attorney for the company in New York advised Rockefeller to receive the document.

Garbage Men Return to Work

New York, July 2.—The strike of the city garbage collectors is over, and the fears of a serious epidemic as the result of the conditions which have existed for the past week are at rest. A committee representing the striking drivers called upon Mayor McClellan and conferred with him. He told the committee that he could not deal with them as, by operation of the civil service law, they were no longer in the employ of the city. He promised, however, that if they would return to work he would take up their grievances and investigate them carefully.

Doesn't Like Whitney's Candidacy

Boston, July 2.—Chairman McFarland of the executive committee of the Democratic state committee tendered his resignation last night to Chairman Feeney of the state committee. McFarland also resigned his membership in the state committee. The principal reason given for his action is the candidacy of Mr. Whitney for the Democratic nomination for governor. McFarland, who is chairman of the executive committee of the Independence League, will work in the interests of that organization.

Receiver's Services Come High

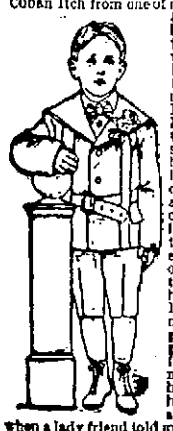
Boston, July 3.—The fee of $100,000 asked by Receiver George W. Pepper for prosecuting suits against H. H. Rogers, T. W. Lawson and others as receiver for the Bay State Gas company of Delaware was allowed by Judge Putnam in the United States circuit court. Putnam also allowed Sherman L. Whipple, as attorney for Pepper, a fee of $233,000. Pepper still has bills pending for fees in the states of New Jersey, Delaware and New York.

FATHER THOUGHT CHILD WOULD DIE

Suffered with Cuban Itch, and Sores Covered Body from Head to Foot —Would Claw Himself and Cry All the Time — Could Not Be Dressed — Mother Advised to Try the Cuticura Remedies.

CURED BY CUTICURA AT EXPENSE OF 75c.

"My little boy in the Spring of 1901, when only an infant of three months, caught the Cuban Itch from one of my neighbor's babies. Sores broke out from his head to the bottom of his feet. He would itch and claw himself and cry all the time. He could not sleep day or night. I had to wrap him in his carriage most all the while to keep him still. He could not bear to have his clothing touch him, and only a light dress is all he could wear. I can't begin to speak in words the suffering the poor child had to endure. I called one of our best doctors to treat him, and he said he had the Cuban Itch, and his treatment did not do any good. He seemed to get worse. He suffered so terribly that my husband said he believed he would have to die. I had almost given up hope when a lady friend told me to try the Cuticura Remedies. She said she cured her little girl's ear, which was nearly eaten up with the eczema. I got a cake of Cuticura Soap and one box Cuticura Ointment, and I washed him all over with the Cuticura Soap and applied the Cuticura Ointment and he at once fell into a sleep, and he slept with ease for the first time since two months. When he awoke I applied it again, and it gave him much ease, and after three applications the sores began to dry up and improvement began to show, and in a few days the hide from the bottom of his feet and inside of his hands began to peel off. I only used one cake Cuticura Soap and one box Cuticura Ointment to complete the cure of the dreadful disease, and in just two weeks from the day I commenced to use the Cuticura Remedies my baby was entirely well. The treatment only cost me 75c., and I would have gladly paid $100 if I could not have got it any cheaper. I feel safe in saying that the Cuticura Remedies saved his life. He is now a boy of five years, and is as well as any child you ever saw. Mrs. Zana Miller, Union City, R. R. No. 1, Branch Co., Mich., May 17, 1906."



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S. S. THOMPSON.

Cadets Leave Training Ship

New London, Conn., July 5.—Claiming that the food given them has been unsatisfactory and that the shore leaves have been too short, 53 of the 70 cadets of the Massachusetts training ship Enterprise, which is now in the harbor, refused to return to the ship when their shore leave ended yesterday, but instead sent a note to Captain Low, outlining their position and demands. They were informed that they could come on board or stay on shore as they chose. The cadets spent the night on shore.

Quarreled With Divorced Wife

Springfield, Mass., July 5.—Maurice Hill shot his wife and James Delehanty in the home of Mrs. Hill in this city. The woman will recover, but Delehanty died late last evening. Hill fled after the shooting, but later was arrested in Chicopee. Hill and his wife had been divorced. Delehanty was a boarder with Mrs. Hill. Hill went to the house last night and it is supposed that a quarrel was started. It is said that there has been trouble between Hill and Mrs. Hill over property.

Three Canoeists Drowned

Bangor, Me., July 5.—By the capsizing of a canoe in St. Croix lake three employes of the Fish River Lumber company were drowned. The victims were Fred Logan, Thomas Hilliard and Charles Gough.

Maine Town Badly Scorched

Eastport, Me., July 5.—The little town of Pembroke suffered a serious loss by fire last night. 14 buildings, comprising the principal business and residential section, being wiped out by the flames. The loss is about 50,000. All the structures were of wood and the fire, which is supposed to have originated from fireworks, swept through the place without hindrance, there being no fire fighting apparatus except buckets.

Two Motormen Killed In Wreck

Providence, July 5.—Two men are dead and nearly a score of others suffered severe injuries as the result of a rear-end collision of three electric cars at East Providence. Two of the cars were badly smashed and the other somewhat damaged. The accident is said to have been due to the failure of the brake to work on the rear car. Motorman Paul Monroe and Motorman Alexone Janelle were the men killed.

Rioters Eluded the Police

Lawrence, Mass., July 5.—Several persons were badly beaten and police reserves were called out in a race riot between Poles and Jews quartered on Valley street. Hammers and wheel spokes were used as weapons. Upon the approach of a patrol wagon with the officers the rioters dispersed. The police pursued them, but only one, Benjamin Cohan, was captured.

Blaine and the Bore.

A notorious bore came to see James G. Blaine when he was Secretary of State. Mr. Blaine was busy. Still, he was polite. He was extremely sorry his engagements made it impossible to talk to the visitor, but he would be glad to see him next day.

"What time?" asked the bore.

Mr. Blaine made an elaborate consultation of his engagement book. "Come at ten o'clock to-morrow morning," he said; "I shall be glad to see you then. You understand the hour, do you not? Ten o'clock, precisely."

"I shall be there," said the bore.

"Mark you," cautioned Mr. Blaine, "when I say ten o'clock I mean ten o'clock. You must be here on the exact minute. Promptly at ten, then."

"All right," replied the bore and went away jubilant.

"Blaine," asked William E. Chandler, who was present, "why did you make such a precise appointment with that man? You do not want to see him."

"I know it," replied Blaine, "but I fixed the hour with exactness and impressed it on him so I shall know when to be out."

When Grandma Dances.

An early caller at a West Side flat was received by the small girl of the family.

"Is your grandmother in?" asked the visitor.

"No," said the child, "she has gone to dancing school."

"To—what?" exclaimed the visitor.

"Dancing school," repeated the girl. "Grandmother had been taking dancing lessons all winter."

"Merciful heavens!" gasped the visitor.

Then, being a grandmother her self, of the old-fashioned type, she went away dumb with amazement. However, upon inquiry she learned that that particular grandmother was not exceptionally giddy.

"Any number of elderly ladies are attending dancing school this winter," said a teacher. "I have a large class of grandmothers. They do not confine themselves to simple dances, either, but take up all kinds of fancy, difficult steps. They do it to get limbered up and keep themselves young."—New York Press.

A Telephone Embarrassment.

A New York business man was telling some friends not long ago of the disadvantage of having two telephones in his business office.

"A new office boy entered upon the discharge of his duties last week," said the merchant, "among which duties is that of answering telephone calls. The very first call resulted in his coming to me with the statement:

"'You're wanted at the 'phone by a lady, sir.'

"Which one?" I asked, thinking of the two 'phones.

"'Well, sir,' said the boy after an embarrassed pause, 'I—I think it's your wife, sir.'"—Harper's Weekly.

Proof.

"Does your husband love you?" we asked.

"Madly, devotedly!" she answered.

"Are you quite sure?"

"Quite. How can I doubt it? He has shut me up here in this little cage of a place, where he expects me to spend all my time, with nobody's company but his own. If he does not love me, why does he take so much trouble to make me miserable?"

And there shone in her fine eyes the beautiful, strong light of unshaken confidence.—Puck.

A Narrow Escape.

The company had assembled in the church, but the bridegroom was nowhere to be found. Finally a messenger announced that the young man had been run over and killed while on his way to the church.

"And just think," she said a month afterward to a friend, "what a narrow escape I had from becoming a widow!"

No Room for Expansion.

Prospective Tenant. Rent this flat? Why, no one but a narrow minded person would rent such a flat as this!

The Janitor. Faith, mum, it would not even accomodate a mind unless it was narrow. Pittsburg Post.

Approximately Successful.

"He went to Washington expecting that his senator would get him an easy berth."

"Did he?"

"Not exactly. But he gave him a wide one!"

Taking Them Seriously.

"Hear of the band of girls who are sworn not to marry?"

"Are they in earnest?"

"I thought they were until I offered to buy them tickets to 'No Man's Land' and they wouldn't accept them.'

Some Difference.

"Did I understand you to say that my appearance has improved?"

"No; I said you looked more like yourself."—New York Life.

"After all," said "Alec" Smart, "the old saying: 'There is always room at the top' doesn't mean anything."

"Unless," replied the traveling man, "it means that the lower berths in a sleeper are usually taken before you get there."—Philadelphia Press.

"That young man who has proposed to you is enormously rich."

"Yes," answered the haughty girl. "He's too enormously rich. I didn't like the risk of having the family name come up before a grand jury."—Washington Star.

Minister (meeting small boy on Sunday afternoon carrying a string of fish)—Johnny Johnny, do these belong to you?

Johnny—Y-e-s, sir. You see, that's what they got for chasing worms on a Sunday.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Judge. What's your occupation?

Mike. I'm a sailor.

Judge. You don't look like a sailor. I don't believe you were ever on a ship.

Mike. Do you think I come from Ireland in a hack? Mark Murphy.

Be ready with the pleasant look and the gentle answer. Be ready with the kind word and helping hand, and what a world of music you will make around you!—Woman's Life.

Wanted To See The Monkey.

Little Jonathan Edward had often begged his mother to take him to church. That was his heart's desire. Compared with the privilege of going to church, the tricycles were a vanity and molasses rounballs merely as fleshpots of Egypt. So one fine Sunday morning recently mother took little Jonathan Edward who all agreed was marked for the ministry, to a neighboring sanctuary.

He seemed to be deeply impressed, and then, becoming thoughtful, he turned and asked in a rather loud whisper: "But, mother, where's the monkey?"

When mother recovered her presence of mind she said: "Why, my dear, there's no monkey in church. What made you think of such an absurd thing?"

"Why—why—you said there was an organ in church and I thought there would be a monkey, too."—Buffalo Commercial.

The Lady of the Lake.

"In the Days of Scott" there are two anecdotes about Sir Walter Scott's children in connection with his poem, "The Lady of the Lake."

One day his daughter was met by James Ballantyne, the publisher, in her father's library and asked what she thought of the poem. She replied that she had not read it and added:

"Papa says there is nothing so bad for young people as reading bad poetry."

Scott's son Walter returned from school one day with evidences of having been engaged in a fight. His father asked him what he had been fighting about. He replied that he had been called a "lassie" and had resented it.

A little questioning showed that young Walter's schoolfellows had nicknamed him "The Lady of the Lake," which name the boy did not understand except as a reproach to his manliness.

Told of Secretary Root.

When Secretary Root was at Panama on his return from South America, Gov. Magoon gave him a dinner, at which were present various dignitaries. An invited banker who failed to appear called next day with explanation. A birth had occurred just at that time in his family, by which another girl was added to six predecessors.

"Too bad it was not a boy," said Gov. Magoon, "you might have called him Elihu Root."

"Oh," said the father, "we had decided to call him that if the child had been a boy. But not being able to call the child exactly that, I shall call her Rootina."

Mistaken Identity.

Mrs. Morningside (showing Central Park to Mrs. Struckoyle of Pittsburg)—That monument? Oh, that is Cleopatra's needle. It came from Egypt, you know, and is literally covered with hieroglyphics.

Mrs. Stuckoyle—Goodness gracious! And hasn't the board of health ever tried to exterminate them?—Puck.

Teacher. Johnny, how did you get your coat torn and your eye blacked? Now tell me the truth. Weren't you in a fight?

Johnny. No, teacher. There was a fight, but, honestly, I wasn't in it for a minute.

Mrs. Slybel. The boy grows more like his father every day.

The Caller. Poor dear! And have you tried anything?

CARTAGENA.

Colombia Has the Oldest Walled City In This Hemisphere.

One of the few walled cities in this hemisphere and perhaps the oldest, is that of Cartagena, Colombia, South America. The wall, which is still standing and in excellent condition, stretches its irregular circumference several miles in inclosing what was one of the gayest, wealthiest and larrest cities of the new world in the days of Spanish supremacy. It is said that $50,000,000 was spent in constructing this wall, and it must be remembered that three or four centuries ago that meant considerably more money than it does now.

The wall is wide enough to accommodate several teams abreast. Its top is flat in most places, while at intervals there stand sentry boxes, showing that the wall was meant to guard the light hearted residents within its inclosure from sudden attacks either by sea or by land.

At one end of the wall near the sea is still to be seen the government prison. Here there is a long row of cells, which are still kept for the use of prisoners. At present these offenders are much sought by tourists to the Spanish main, for many of the men confined there have for vile exquisite carvings on shell and wood.—New York Herald.

IN CASE OF FIRE.

The Landlord Told His Literary Guest How to Get Out.

In the days before the dawn of his fame it was the practice of a certain well known author to wander up and down the land seeking what he might devour in the way of suggestion and local color. In this way he had drifted into Arkansas, "roughing it," and not, as he expresses it, presenting an appearance calculated to inspire a hotel proprietor with unlimited confidence.

The only hotel in the town, a frame structure, seemed to have been built upon the theory that there was plenty of room straight up, but that ground had to be bought, and the wanderer was shown to a room on the third floor, reached through many narrow and winding passages. From the one window it was a straight drop to the ground.

"Say, how would I get out of this place in case of fire?" he asked the landlord, who had brought up his grip.

The other eyed him coldly.

"Waal," he drawled, "all yo' would have to do would be to show ther night watchman—the one with ther shotgun—a receipted bill foh yo' board an' lodgin' an' get him to tie up the bulldog."—Cleveland Leader.

The little "yellow bird" of North America migrates every spring from Central America to the arctic regions, a distance of 3,800 miles.

A HEAVY MIDDAY MEAL.

The Business Man, It Is Claimed, Should Avoid It.

The Americans and English begin the day with breakfast, which is generally a substantial meal. This the people of the continent of Europe consider barbaric and disgusting. The Frenchman and the German breakfast on a scanty roll. They are consequently unable to go till the afternoon without absorbing something massive. The Frenchman toward noon takes a substantial lunch, and at midday the German takes a heavy meal, which absorbs his digestive energies during the remainder of the day. The German dinner makes a big break in the working day, and the eater, according to Dr. Martinet of Paris, suffers by a loss of energy during the afternoon. The heavy midday meal Dr. Martinet considers a mistake. One should not have dinner at noon, in the middle of one's workday, he says, but instead should take a light lunch. The lightest meal of the day, he thinks, should be during the period of exertion, and the heavy meal should be reserved for a later hour, when there is a chance for digestive repose. The proper series for the modern man, according to this authority, is a substantial breakfast, a light lunch about noon and a square meal at 6 o'clock or later.—Baltimore Sun.

A SLAB OF BLACK STONE.

Key to All the Ancient Writings of the Egyptians.

There is a slab of black stone in the British museum which if you could walk away with it and establish your claim as the owner you could sell any day for a quarter of a million and find half a dozen money kings in England and America ready to buy it.

There is nothing very striking about this stone. It might be a piece of black marble with some peculiar hieroglyphics upon it. But it is just these hieroglyphics which make it so valuable, because they are the key to all the ancient writings of the Egyptians, and without this stone, called the Rosetta stone, we should be unable to read the Egyptian writings which have been discovered from time to time.

Some French tourists found the Rosetta stone in Egypt and transported it to Paris, where an Englishman took a fancy to it for a garden ornament. He paid £5 for it—5 sovereigns—and got a treasure which you could cover with gold and yet not represent its value, but till the day of his death he did not know what that bit of stone was worth.—London World.

Comet Panics.

Joseph Jerome Lafrancais de Lalande, the popular French astronomer of a century ago, differed from Newton's view that Providence had so arranged matters as to make collision of the earth with a comet impossible and wrote a paper to prove that it was only very improbable. This paper, which was to have been read with others before the French academy on a certain day in 1773, got crowded out, but the Parisian public, hearing of it, made up its mind that Lalande had predicted the impending destruction of the earth and such panic ensued that the police had to order the publication of the paper to reassure the public mind. But even then it was popularly believed that the paper had been deliberately toned down and comet panics continued for a quarter of a century.

The Printing Press.

The most useful all round invention to humanity is the printing press. Generations ago some philosopher said, "In the world there is nothing great but man, and in man there is nothing great but mind." That is to say, while there are many great things, the greatest is mind. It is by and through his intellect that man has risen to the mastery of the planet, and whatever sharpens the intellect at the same time advances the world's civilization. This the printing press has done as nothing else has done, and therefore to the printing press belongs the honor of being the most useful all round invention known to man.—New York American.

Origin of "Hurrah!"

The history of many a race may be read in its battlecry. The "Banzai!" of the Japanese, the "Faghaghballah!" of the Irish and our own "Hurrah!" have found their origin far back in history.

Although many authorities have declared that the word "hurrah" is a development of the Jewish "hosannah," the consensus of opinion now is that it is a corruption of the ancient battlecry of the wild Norsemen, "Tur sie!" meaning "Thor aid us!" Formerly the word was spelled "huzza" and pronounced "hurray." In one form or another it is used by almost every nation.—Pittsburg Post.

Reason For Heavy Wheels.

Everywhere in the old world the wheels of wagons and carriages are two or three times as heavy as those on corresponding vehicles in America and so appear clumsy and cumbersome to us. The explanation of the difference is that our wheels are made of hickory, a wood unknown abroad, which supplies the requisite strength in smaller mass.—Travel Magazine.

A Matter of Economy.

"You're not so strict with that youngster of yours as you used to be," said Popley's friend.

"No; for economy's sake I'm not," replied Popley. "Every month I used to have to buy myself a new pair of slippers and him a new pair of pants."—Exchange.

Suited Him.

Her Suitor—I wish to marry your daughter, sir. Her Father (sternly)—My daughter, sir, will continue under the parental roof. Her Suitor—Well, sir, the parental roof looks good to me.—San Francisco Chronicle.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

SHOPPING IN LONDON.

Methods of the Big Stores In the English Metropolis.

TRICKS OF THE MILLINERS.

A Ruse That Was Met by a Clever Counter Ruse—The Agitating Experiences of an American Woman Who Was Looking For Bargains.

In American shops the establishment and the customer are separate entities. The firm displays its wares; the buyers examine them and purchase or not, as they see fit.

In London it is different. The moment you enter the door of a shop you are accepted as part and parcel of its interests, a member of the family, as it were. Then a shopwalker pounces upon you and insists on knowing what you want. If you hesitate as to your reply, he plants himself squarely in front of you and waits. When, in sheer desperation (for you had intended a happy, aimless sort of looking about), you say "gloves," he grasps your arm, firmly marches you to the glove counter, seats you at it and details a salesperson to wait upon you.

All this happened to me, and in an exasperated frame of mind I bought a pair of gloves merely to keep peace in the family, but the bland and gentlemanly glove seller had no notion of letting me off so easily. He took it for granted that that first pair was simply by way of preface, and he displayed gloves of my size of all styles and colors. The very foregoneness of his conclusion that I would buy them all irritated me, and, briefly announcing that I wanted no more gloves, I paid him for the pair I had bought. Surprised and grieved beyond expression, he beckoned the shopwalker, and together they cross examined me as to why I refused to buy more gloves. Did the colors not suit me? Were the prices not reasonable? Disdaining to answer these questions, I endeavored to stalk haughtily away, but this was not allowed. More in sorrow than in anger, they told me I must wait for my bill. As the gloves were to be sent and I had given the exact change I deemed this unnecessary, but I soon found it to be one of their inexorable laws. Bills, signed and countersigned, must be waited for, no matter how trifling the purchase.

The next thing I learned was that the price asked is far from being the real selling price of the article. I cringed at the thought of offering 6 guineas for a seven guinea hat, but I soon learned that it was expected of a customer and that the marked prices were merely amounts from which to begin the dickering.

And the ruses resorted to by these wicked milliners! In Mayfair is one of the most fashionable millinery shops in the world. Over the door gilt letters spell one of the most famous Parisian names. To this shop I went for a hat. Being very canny, I expressed great interest in several hats which I knew I should not buy. At last I carelessly inquired the price of a hat which had really charmed me from the first. The price was 8 guineas. As it bore four magnificent ostrich plumes, this price was not exorbitant; but, knowing the game, I bargained.

First I asked if they would call it pounds instead of guineas. This meant a reduction in price of only 8 shillings, but the indignity (I discovered) was beyond all words. With a scathing glance the saleslady informed me that they never sold by pounds in that shop, and I stored away the knowledge for future use in swagger establishments.

Determined to beat them at their own game, I then offered 6 guineas for the hat. This was met with appropriate expressions of horrified surprise, and as a great concession 7½ guineas was proposed. I remained firm in my six guinea offer, and, after a feint of leaving the shop without buying a hat, it was reluctantly accepted.

Then followed what I considered a ruse of extreme cleverness on my part. I had been told that if I left a new hat to be sent home the milliner would change the trimming for others that looked the same, but were of inferior quality. I had been advised, therefore, on purchasing a hat to carry it away with me in order to prevent this. So I remarked on paying for this hat that as I wished to wear it that very afternoon I would take it with me, the large handbox being easily managed in my hansom cab. The saleslady kindly agreed to this plan and sent the hat upstairs to be boxed.

After waiting fifteen minutes for the hat to return to me I began to grow suspicious, and when it did come I deliberately untied the box, removed the tissue paper wrappings and examined the hat. Sure enough, the four long, rich ostrich plumes had been removed and replaced by four others of the same color, but of a distinctly cheaper grade. I boldly declared this fact, but the saleslady haughtily denied it.

"But," said I, "look in the hat. See the stitches, hastily put in to hold these feathers. They were not there when the hat left me."

"Ah," she said, "merely a few stitches to fasten a bit of trimming that was loose!"

And nothing remained for me but to take the hat and depart. I could not prove my case. I could get no redress. But I learned, when buying a hat, to pin it firmly on my head and walk away, leaving my own old hat to be sent home.

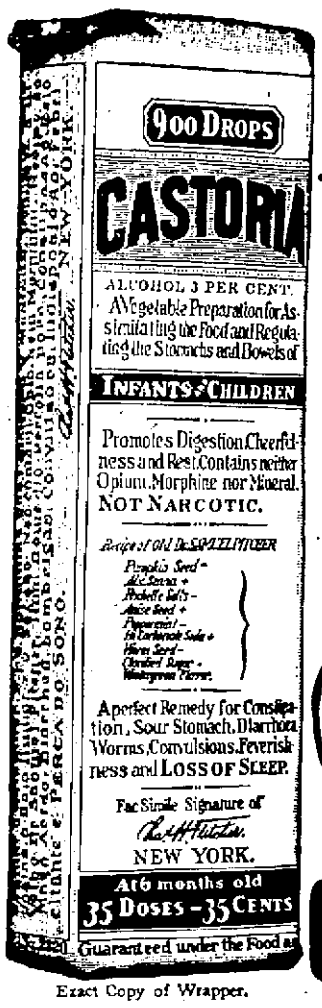
I think such an episode would not occur in any reputable shop in America.—Carolyn Wells in Woman's Home Companion.

The Locality.

"Are you in pain, my little man?" the kind old gentleman asked.

"No," answered the boy. "The pain's in me."

Know how to give without hesitation, how to lose without regret, how to acquire without meanness.—George Sand.



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The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.
In Use For Over Thirty Years
CASTORIA
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

SPORTS AT SEA.

How the Long Trip From Madeira to Cape Town Is Enlivened.

The voyage to Cape Town from Southampton or Madeira is a long one, sixteen to twenty days, says the Travel Magazine. And so we find pastimes organized on board far transcending the ordinary concerts, amateur theatricals, deck games and the like familiar to all of us on the ordinary ocean going liner.

The programme is an ambitious one, comprising boxing, gymnastic drill, obstacle racing, cockfighting, cricket, baseball and football, egg and spoon races for men and girls and children, ordinary deck games and evening amusement, such as concerts and dances.

The sack race for grown men is the delight of all the children, who love to see their fathers tied up in sacks and progressing by kangaroo-like bounds, whose uncertainty is made still more precarious by the pitch and roll of the great vessel. Nor must I forget the bolster and pillow fights, with competitors perched on horizontal bars, with their legs tied beneath. Some fighters display rare gameness and staying power, so that the onlookers feel quite grieved when they "go under" in a very literal sense.

Now and then an unfair wag will coat his trousers with resin and thus contrive to keep his balance in a way enabling him to withstand all comers. Of course the prizes are made up of the entrance fees paid by competitors, which may amount to 60 or 80 cents per head.

A Mission That Failed.

The Sire de Joinville tells us in his "Histoire de St. Louis" how a certain Brother Yves of the preaching friars once met while crossing a street in Damascus at the time of the sixth crusade an aged woman who carried in her right hand a bowl of fire and in her left a bottle of water.

"Where are you going?" asked the Brother Yves.

"I go," said she, "to burn up heaven with the fire and put out hell with the water, and so I will make an end of both."

"And for why will you do this?" asked the friar.

"Because," said she, "I would that we did good neither for the joys of heaven nor for the fear of hell pain, but purely for the love of God, who deserves so well of us and who is able to deliver us from evil."

Forgotten Hotel Keys.

"I suppose," said a guest, "a good many forgetful people go off with your hotel keys?"

"This will show you," said the clerk.

And he took from a drawer the following printed slip:

"The manager of the Blank hotel acknowledges with thanks the return of key No. —, which M—— by oversight carried away on departure."

So many keys, the young man explained, were mailed back by forgetful guests that it had been deemed advisable, as a time saving device, to have a key acknowledgment printed.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Goose.

The goose, which for some unknown reason has become an emblem of idiocy, but which is really a wise bird of good habits and one of the most profitable for the fancier, was probably the first fowl to be domesticated by man. Homer, 1,200 years before the Christian era, speaks of his geese, in which he was greatly interested, and the hieroglyphics of Egypt prove that at his time they had been tamed for centuries.—Circle.

Giving Themselves Away!

Mr. Younghusband (reading from paper)—"Married—Blanche de Smythe to Walter Wellington Beere." What old memories that name awakens! Mrs. Y. (blushing)—I never imagined you knew of my engagement to Walter. Mr. Y. (chillingly)—I was alluding to Blanche.—Illustrated Bits.

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STEAMER
New Shoreham
Leaves Commercial wharf, Newport, on week days, 11.15 a. m.; Sundays, 11.40 a. m. Due Block Island, week days, 1.15 p. m., Sundays, 1.40 p. m. Returning, leaves Block Island on week days and Sundays, 3.30 p. m. Due Newport, 5.15 p. m. Providence, 7.15 p. m.
The New England Steamship Company.
1-27

New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad.
Time tables showing local and through train service between all stations may be obtained at all ticket offices of this company.
ON and after June 2, 1907, trains will leave NEWPORT, for BOSTON, SOUTH STATION, week days, 5.50, 6.50, 8.10, 9.00, 11.04 a. m., 1.00, 3.05, 5.00, 9.10 p. m. Return 6.35, 8.50, 10.50 a. m., 12.00, 2.50, 3.55, 4.50, 6.00, 6.50 p. m. MIDDLETOWN and PORTSMOUTH, 5.50, 6.50, 9.00, 11.04 a. m., 1.00, 3.05, 5.00, 9.10 p. m. BRADFORD and COREY'S LANE (flag stop), 5.50, 6.50, 9.00, 11.04 a. m., 1.00, 3.05, 5.00, 9.10 p. m. TIVERTON, FALL RIVER and TAUNTON, 5.50, 6.50, 8.10, 9.00, 11.04 a. m., 1.00, 3.05, 5.00, 9.10 p. m. MIDDLEBORO, 5.50, 11.04 a. m., 3.05 p. m. HYANNIS, 5.50, 11.04 a. m., 3.05 p. m. PROVINCETOWN, 5.50 a. m., 3.05 p. m. PLYMOUTH, 5.50, 11.04 a. m., 3.05 p. m. NEW BEDFORD, 5.50, 6.50, 8.10, 11.04 a. m., 3.05, 5.00 p. m. FITCHBURG and Marlboro and So. Framingham, 8.10, 11.04 a. m., 3.05, 9.10 p. m. LOWELL, 11.04 a. m., 3.05 p. m. OAK BLUFFS, 1.00 p. m. PROVIDENCE (via Fall River and Warren) 5.50, 6.50, 8.10, 9.00, 11.04 a. m., 1.00, 3.05, 5.00, 9.10 p. m.
SUNDAYS, for BOSTON, 7.02, 8.00, 11.00 a. m., 3.00, 5.00, 9.05 p. m. Return 6.27, 8.50 a. m., 12.50, 4.27, 5.50, 10.00 p. m. For PROVIDENCE (via Fall River and Warren), 7.02, 8.00, 11.00 a. m., 3.00, 5.00, 9.05 p. m. For BRADFORD and COREY'S LANE, 7.02, 8.00, 11.00 a. m., 3.00, 5.00, 9.05 p. m. For Middletown, Portsmouth, Bristol Ferry, Tiverton, Fall River, Somerset, Dighton, North Dighton, Weir Village and Taunton, 7.02, 8.00, 11.00 a. m., 3.00, 5.00, 9.05 p. m. New Bedford, 8.00, 11.00 a. m., 3.00, 5.00 p. m.
aBoat from Fall River.
A. C. KENDALL, Gen'l Pass. Agt.
O. M. SHEPARD, Gen'l Sup't.

Old Colony Street Railway Co.
Newport & Fall River Division.
TIME TABLE.
In effect on and after Sept. 26, 1906.
Newport, City Hall, Leave—6.10, 6.30, 7.00, 8.10, 8.50, 9.30, 10.10, 10.50, 11.30, a. m., 12.10 m., 12.50, 1.30, 2.10, 2.50, 3.30, 4.10, 4.50, 5.30, 6.10, 6.50, 7.30, 8.10, 8.50, 9.30, 10.10, 11.10 p. m. Portsmouth car barn only.
Fall River, City Hall, Leave—5.15, 5.55, 6.30, 7.10, 7.50, 8.30, 9.10, 9.50, 10.30, 11.10, 11.50, a. m., 12.30, 1.10, 1.50, 2.30, 3.10, 3.50, 4.30, 5.10, 5.50, 6.30, 7.10, 7.50, 8.30, 9.10, 9.50, 10.30, 11.10 p. m., for Stone Bridge and Tiverton only.

NEWPORT CITY CARS.
Change of time September 26, 1906.
Leave Mill Corner for Morton Park—6.00 a. m., and every 15 minutes until and including 11.00 p. m. Sundays—6.00 a. m., then same as week days.
Leave Morton Park for Mill Corner—6.22 a. m., and every 15 minutes until and including 11.22 p. m. Sundays—6.22 a. m., the same as week days.
Leave Franklin Street for Beach—6.45 a. m., and every 15 minutes until and including 6.45 p. m., then for Cliff avenue only 6.15 p. m., and every 15 minutes until and including 10.45 p. m. Sundays—Same as week days.
Leave Beach for Franklin Street—7.00 a. m., and every 15 minutes until and including 6.00 p. m., then from Cliff avenue, 6.22 p. m., and every 15 minutes until and including 10.37 p. m., then 11.05 p. m. Sundays—Same as week days.
GEORGE F. SEIBEL, General Superintendent.
E. H. RICHARDS, Division Superintendent.

Tom and Teddy.

Every morning, rain or shine, heat or cold, you might see her as she passed down the street. One thin, withered hand clasped the handle of a very dilapidated satchel, in which were stored her wares; for she was a peddler in her own small way; and from house to house she went, sometimes to find a purchaser for her hand-knit tidies, crocheted edging and slipper patterns, but oftener to receive the chilling information that "We never buy of no peddlers; mistress ain't to home."

Late one cold, rainy afternoon, she would turn into the dark street, and climb the rickety stairs leading to her poor little room; life looked very hard to her—God seemed almost to have forgotten some of His children; but, as she opened the door, and from the wall would smile down on her "her Tom," her wild boy who had always loved and cared for "mother"—who she knew would come back to her some day, hope once again would fill her heart and her child-like faith in the Father would return.

And then she would draw from her bosom and kiss the little gold cross he gave her the day he went away. "Keep it, mother always; perhaps some day you'll know," he whispered; then he kissed her good-by. The officers took him away, and she had never seen him again.

Late, one cold, rainy afternoon, she rang the bell of a homelike little cottage on a street that was strange to her. The door was opened by the lady of the house herself, who, on noting the tired, worn face, the thin-clad figure and wet shoes, asked the little woman in, though a desire to purchase her wares was not the motive that prompted the action.

She opened her satchel and displayed her goods. As she spread them out before her, two little boys, evidently twins, came running into the room. The little woman looked up—"My Tom! My Teddy!" she cried, holding out her arms to the little fellows; then, seeing how startled they were, and the mother's wondering glance: "I beg pardon ma'am," she said, "but oh, how alike, how alike!"

"Do you think so?" returned the mother; "every one says that but for their height no one would realize they were twins; but my husband was a twin, and he and his brother, he says, were exactly like our boys."

"And, madam, I am the mother of twin boys, and at the age of these little ones they were as like as two peas."

"How strange; tell me about them, please," said the sweet-faced woman, seeing that love and sympathy were more needed than money.

"If you wouldn't think me intruding—I never have any one to talk to now, and sometimes my heart grows so full, it seems as if it must overflow to some one.

"John and I were married the summer I was eighteen. John was considerably older than I. In all the country round he went by the name of 'Lucky John,' and we were as happy as could be, but for one thing—no children came to us. The neighbors' boys and girls were growing up about us, but in our home the years came and went, with never a little child to comfort our hearts or brighten our home.

"John never said much, but I knew how he felt; and the day my boys came—I can never forget it—we had been married then fifteen years—John had business that kept him in town all day, and when he came home old Auntie Brown met him at the door.

"'Never min' yer hosses, Lucky John; they's sthin' in this yer house we want yer ter pass yer jedgment on,' and in came John. He gave one look at the two tiny bundles lying in the old wooden cradle, that had held him when he was a baby, and then he took me in his arms and cried.

"Well, I can't begin to tell you what fine babies they were—how they grew and throve, so strong both of them and smart—they couldn't be brighter. And as they grew older, such store as they set by one another. John always said we should have called them Damon and Pythias; but we named them after their two grandfathers—Theodore and Thomas.

"Teddy was the apple of his father's eye. We expected great things of him yet, somehow, though I loved and did for both my boys all a mother could do. Tommy, who was always in trouble, was wild and reckless, and as he grew to manhood, some said fast (though I could never believe it). Tommy was mother's boy, and if he did do what wasn't exactly right sometimes, it was because that big heart of his ran away with him; and, somehow, the more trouble he got into the more I loved him—he seemed to need more love.

"Well, neither boy took to farming. This was a disappointment to father, I could see, though he made no complaint; so in the bank where he was a large stockholder, father found positions for them side by side at the same desk. Teddy, we knew would do well, and Tom—well we were glad the brothers were together. Teddy would help to keep Tom steady. It was the second summer they were there. Teddy was working very hard (he always cared too much for money, I thought, though John never seemed to see it), and Tom was doing pretty well. There had been a little trouble once or twice. John never told me about it but he had made things all right, and Tom kept his place,—when, one night, some one drove up to the door, and I heard Tom's voice calling 'Mother' (father was sick in bed at the time). So I ran out to see what was the matter; and there, with an officer each side of him, stood Tom.

"'Mother,' he said, 'a lot of money has been taken from the bank (don't tell father); and I am arrested for the theft.' Then, reaching out his hands to me—the irons on them—and, oh, I thought my heart would break at the sight. 'Mother,' he cried, 'do you believe me guilty?' and I looked into his face, where there was only truth and sorrow. 'No, Tom, no!' I cried; 'but tell me who did it.'

"'I can't, don't ask me, don't ask,' he said, with such a look of pain on his face that I shall never forget. 'Only believe me innocent; and here, mother, is a little gold cross I got for your birthday; keep it always, and perhaps some day you'll know.' And he kissed me good-by." And the voice of the little woman broke in a sob, and the eyes of the young mother were wet with the quick dew of sympathy.

"On the same day the prison gates closed upon our boy the gates of heaven opened to his father, and Teddy and I were left alone in the world.

"Though I grieved for Tom and father, we lived happily and comfortably till one day Teddy brought home a wife; a cold, proud, ill-tempered woman. She never liked me; I was too plain and old fashioned for her, though I gave her the reins and tried my best to feel cheerful in being driven first this way and then that, though sometimes it was hard. But ever since Tom went away he seemed so worried and anxious that I hadn't the heart to trouble him.

"One evening he came home completely worn out. The moment the doctor saw him he looked pretty serious. Before he left he said to Alice, Teddy's wife: 'I hope your husband's affairs are in good order; the disease is a malignant type, and I can give no hope for his recovery.'

"Teddy heard him, and gave me one frightened glance; then, turning to his wife, said 'Would you leave mother and I alone a little while; there's something I want to tell her,' and as the door closed upon her, and I knelt down and clasped him in my arms, all the months and years he seemed to be growing from me were bridged over—Teddy was still my boy.

"For a little time he held me close; neither spoke, and I was almost beginning to think that he had forgotten what he wanted to tell me, when he said: 'Mother, I can't go out of the world with my crime on another man's head. I took the money they accused Tom of taking. I should be where he is now. Tom knew it; he wouldn't tell; once I thought I'd be brave and confess all, but Tom said: "No; I've always been the black sheep and another black mark to the score won't hurt like one against your name—father couldn't stand that,"' and, like a coward, I let him go. He's been punished for my crime, but if he has suffered one-hundredth of what I have suffered all these years, I pity him. I pity him! Oh! mother, speak to me; say you forgive me,' for I was crying: 'My poor Tom; my poor Tom!' And then I kissed Teddy and said: 'I do forgive you, dear, and God will, too, for He has seen your suffering,' and then Teddy fell back on his pillows and smiled and I was left alone.

"After the funeral I took the train for the town where Tom was, with a heart half sad, half glad. It was hard to lose Teddy, to know he had not been the boy I had always believed him; but to have Tom home again—well, I couldn't be his mother and not feel glad. So I went to the prison and asked for Tom. 'Isn't he with you?' the superintendent said; 'he was pardoned sometime ago.' 'Pardoned!' I answered; 'he never should have been sentenced; but where is he?' I 'supposed he'd gone home. Henry,' he said to a young man at the desk,' tell the warden to send No. 17 to me.' And in a few minutes No. 17 came in, and, as I saw him I couldn't keep the tears back for pity, and the thought of Tom looking just like him. And the Superintendent said: 'There, my dear lady, we'll find your boy if we can. Russell, you and Tom Haines were friends; can you tell us of his whereabouts?' 'No sir; all he said to me was: "Good-by, old man, I'm going to change my name and start in again." 'Did he ever say to you he was guilty?' 'No, sir; he stuck to it he wasn't; and it's my belief he knew who was, and wouldn't tell, for he was a fine fellow, even if he was a jail bird.'

"'No, madam; I wish I could; but if you ever find him tell him how glad old Russell was that he always believed him innocent.'

"For years I've hoped and looked and waited for him. I go from town to town. By selling my small wares I manage to keep soul and body together. Every night I pray for my boy's return; every morning I awake with the hope that today I may find him. And now I must go. You have heard my story and I thank you. Perhaps my boy may be waiting for me now; perhaps—and this is the cross Tom gave me," she said, holding out the small emblem in trembling hands.

"No, mother; he's found you," and she turned to be clasped in the arms of the man who had entered unseen, while the twins circled round them, crying and shouting: "Is she our really grandma, papa; our really grandma?"
—Louise Holland, in Woman's World.

Not What He Asked.

In these days of individualism in thought and action the balance of decision tips more and more toward the personal. Even in the matter of spelling the ego asserts itself in the face of tradition and history. Bobby in Tit-Bits is not the only person who constitutes himself the final court of appeal in the realm of orthography.

"So you go to school, do you, Bobby?" asked the minister.

"Yes, sir," answered Bobby.

"Let me hear you spell 'bread.'"

"B-r-e-d-e."

"The dictionary spells it with an 'a,' Bobby."

"Yes, sir, but you didn't ask me how the dictionary spells it. You asked me how I spell it."

Advice To The Bride-To-Be.

Pretty underwear, bought by the dozen and packed away, soon grows yellow and old.

With what one alreay possesses, half a dozen of each article will be quite sufficient.

If the money which you have is more than enough for this number be wise and put in the bank a tiny little nest egg that will hatch out dollars when you want to give somebody a present.

And don't get too many gowns. They soon go out of style.—New York Press.

A.Sanderson Shoe Shine.

The one-legged man refused to pay more than half price for a shine. "Contracts go by the foot in this State," he said.

"All right," said the bootblack, who was a shrewd lad and went to night school; "by the Sanderson system of measurement the polish on your lonely extremity will cost you $73.18."

Nor was the customer able to prove otherwise, and a compromise was agreed upon.—Philadelphia Ledger.

"Permit me to ask you, madam," said the lawyer, who was a friend of the family, "your real reason for wanting a divorce from your husband." "He isn't the man I thought I was marrying," explained the fair caller. "My dear madam," rejoined the lawyer, "the application of that principle would break up every home in the country.—Chicago Tribune.

A patron, dining in a restaurant with his wife, said to the waiter when his bill was brought, "Waiter, one item is wrong here. We didn't have three plates of soup. We only had two." "Pardon me, boss," said the waiter, "You forgot the plate what I spilled over the lady's dress."—Argonaut.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

System on The Farm.

Does things on time and in good time.

Is the screw that never gets loose.

Does away with guess work.

Provides a place for everything and keeps everything in its place.

Makes a crooked way straight.

Sees there is one or the other product of the field, barnyard, dairy, or garden marketed every week.

By its very presence, generates habits of industry and punctuality.

Never wastes anything; but markets the by-products, skim-milk, surplus fruits and vegetables.

Spends money in farming, but little in farms.

Stops the leaks and losses.

Markets the farm produce in good shape and season.

Has the winter quarters ready when cold weather approaches, and provides soiling crops when pastures get short.

Maintains a rotation of crops.

Is the lubricant that makes the farm work so smoothly.

Watches each farm operation with the keen eye of the merchant or manufacturer who wisely follows up each move to its finish in the profit or loss column of his ledger.

Is but another name for prudent foresight which looks far ahead, keeps an eye on the present and profits by the past.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

The First of His Kind.

Adam had just discovered that he possessed an imagination.

"Riblets," he said. This was his pet name for the first lady of the land. "Riplets, I've just seen a remarkable funny sight."

Eve looked at him suspiciously.

"You've been looking at those grapes again," she said.

"No," he quickly answered. "No more grapes for little Addie. I've had all I want of them. My head aches at the very name. No, I was on the other side of the creek and there I saw the animal with the trunk climbing a tree."

"An elephant climbing a tree? Impossible!

"I tell you I was there. It was a funny sight. The elephant tried and tried and when he got a little way up he screamed for help. And the rhinoceros and the elk came up to boost him, and the elephant slipped back on the horn of the rhinoceros and jumped so high that he caught the first limb of the tree and hung there howling. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Adam," said Eve in her severest manner, "you are the most unblushing nature faker the world has ever known."

Language of Umbrellas.

There is a language of umbrellas as of flowers. For instant, place your umbrella in a rack and it will often indicate that it will change owners.

To open it quickly in the street means that somebody's eye is going to be in danger.

To shut it quickly signifies that a hat or two will probably be knocked off.

An umbrella carried over a woman, the man getting nothing but the drippings of the rain, signifies courtship.

When a man has the umbrella and the woman the drippings it indicates marriage.

To swing your umbrella over your shoulder signifies "I am making a nuisance of myself."

To put an alpaca umbrella by the side of a silk one signifies "Exchange is no robbery."

To lend an umbrella indicates "I am a fool."

To return an umbrella means—well, never mind what it means. Nobody ever does that.—Spare Moments.

Why He Liked Ade.

One on Ade:

A young man was sitting in a barber shop looking at a magazine when an old farmer, with little knowledge or appreciation of literary people, stepped up behind his chair and looked over his shoulder.

"Who's them?" he inquired, pointing to a group of portraits.

"Well-known authors and playwrights," was the reply.

"Humph!" ejaculated the farmer, contemptuously. "Jist writin' fellers, eh?" Then he caught sight of George Ade's long, solemn face, and his eye lit up. "That's the one I like," he said with decision, putting his finger on Mr. Ade's mournful countenance.

"Oh, yes; nearly every one likes George Ade," agreed the young man. "His humorous writings are—"

"Don't know nothin' 'bout his writin', but I like his face."

"Why so?" —curiously.

"'Cause he's the only feller thet looks like he was sorry for what he'd done."—Lippincott's Magazine.

What Chance Had He?

A physician tells of two young friends in this city who entered simultaneously upon their respective careers of physician and lawyer. Late one afternoon the newly made medico dashed into the room of his legal friend, exclaiming:

"Great luck, old man! Congratulate me! Got a patient at last! On my way to see him now!"

Whereupon the legal light to be clapped his friend on the back saying, "Delighted, old chap!" Then after a slight pause, he added, with a sly grin:

"Say, let me go with you. Perhaps he hasn't made his will."

A Scientist.

"Father," said the small boy, "what is a scientist?"

"A scientist, my son, is a man who calls ordinary things by such long names that you can't recognize them."

Algernon—I—aw—have resolved to—aw—do something useful in the world, doncher know.

Miss DeStyle—Indeed!

Algernon—Yaws. I am—aw—learning to tie me own ties—Chicago Daily News.

Miss Brush—Did the judges appreciate the beautiful cloud studies you sent to the exhibition?

Miss Dauber—They must have; they skied all of them.—Illustrated Bits.

"How did you feel, Harry, when you were lost?"

"Like being a whole game of hide-and-go-seek. I couldn't find myself at all, either; so it wasn't much fun."

She—Were you cool in the hour of danger, captain?

Capt. Crammer—Cool? Why, I actually shivered—Comic Cuts.

Stella—What do you think could be worse than the man without a country?

Bella—The country without a man.—New York Sun.

It Was His Dog.

An automobile dashed along the country road. Turning a curve, it came suddenly upon a man with a gun on his shoulder and a weak sick-looking old dog beside him. The dog was directly in the path of the motor car. The chauffeur sounded his horn, but the dog did not move—until he was struck. After that he did not move.

The automobile stopped, and one of the men got out and came forward. He had once paid a farmer $10 for killing a calf that belonged to another farmer This time he was wary.

"Was that your dog?"

"Yes."

"You own him?"

"Yes."

"Looks as if we'd killed him."

"Certainly looks so."

"Very valuable dog?"

"Well, not so very."

"Will $5 satisfy you?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, here you are." He handed a five-dollar bill to the man with the gun, and added, pleasantly, "I'm sorry to have broken up your hunt."

"I wasn't going hunting," replied the other, as he pocketed the bill.

"Not going hunting? Then what were you doing with the dog and the gun?

"Going down to the woods to shoot the dog."—Youth's Companion.

Tit for Tat.

Young Stevens was on his way north to spend the week-end with his parents, and he felt in a particularly jovial mood.

The train in which he was travelling had stopped at a small village. As a farmer who was sauntering up and down the platform came opposite Stevens' compartment he was asked by the youth if he knew that the duke of Devonshire was on the train.

Immediately the man showed great interest and said:

"No! Is he?"

"I think he is not," answered Stevens. "I only asked if you knew that he was."

The farmer said nothing, but continued his walk on the platform. As he came opposite the window again he remarked that their town had been experiencing some excitement.

"What's the matter?" asked Stevens.

"The authorities wouldn't let some folks bury a woman," replied the farmer.

"What was the reason for refusing?"

"She wasn't dead," was the laconic reply.

And then he strolled away, leaving young Stevens biting his lip.—Judge's Library.

An old farmer and his wife noted for their niggardliness, had a custom of allowing the servant only one match to light the fire with each morning.

One morning the match failed to kindle, so the servant went to their bedroom door and asked for another one.

A whispered consultation was held between the two, then audibly the wife said:

"Will you risk her wi' anither ane, John?"

"I doot we'll hae tae risk her, Janet," replied John, "but be sure an' seek a sicht o' the ane she got last night."—Glasgow Times.

The dexterity of a modern virtuoso's fingers made a deep impression on an old farmer who was among the audience at a piano recital. Clapping both hands suddenly down upon his knees, he was heard to exclaim, "I'd give a hundred dollars to have that man pick peas for me!"

The Agent—If you have this machine, sir, you won't take anybody's dust.

The Magnate—Then I don't want it. I'm out for everybody's dust.—Cleveland Leader.

Brown—Do you think the Panama Climate induces laziness?

Town—Does it? Why I took some bees down there once and they got so lazy they wouldn't sting.

Hodge—What's old Scribbles doing? He looks poverty-stricken.

Plodge—He is writing a series of articles on "How to Get Rich Without Capital."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Mrs. Trust Magnate (newly rich)—I want one of them octopus-shaped rooms for the library.

Cynical Architect—So appropriate, dear madam.—Baltimore American.

Burr—Do you think the end of the world will ever come?

Dock—I thought it had this morning, my wife got her new hat home and there wasn't a thing wrong with it.

Pearl—I accepted Mr. Mashem last night, and he is going to get the engagement ring to-day.

Myrtle—Oh! he already has it. I returned it to him this morning.—Illustrated Bits.

"He is extravagant in his praises of her. Says she is one woman in ten thousand."

"Ah! Gets off the street car the right way, eh?"—Browning's Magazine.

"By Jove, father, you do keep this office beastly hot—it's like an oven."

"It need be, my lad; it's where I make your daily bread."—London Opinion.

The Big Fish (boastfully)—Yes, sir, he was at least 10 feet long and must have weighed 500 pounds if he weighed an ounce, but the line broke and I got away from him.—Puck.

Mrs. Knicker—Was your last cook unreasonable?

Mrs. Bocker—Yes, she wanted the auto twice a week, which didn't give time to have it repaired.—N. Y. Sun.

Prospective Purchaser—"I like the looks of this automobile, but suppose I should run over some one and—"

Salesman—"The springs are so easy, sir, you'd scarcely be jarred at all."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"These photographs," protested the fair maid, "are rather indistinct."

"Naturally," rejoined the wise artist. "Your face is anything but plain."

And she went away satisfied.

She—When I accepted Jack he said he felt as if he was in the seventh heaven.

He—I can well believe it. He has been engaged six times before.

"My face is my fortune, sir," said the pretty summer girl.

"And mine is, too," said the handsome summer man. "Let us put our fortunes together."

"Do you think we should let women vote?"

"Certainly. Why not? We let them earn money all other ways."—Life.

Women's Dep't.

Press Points.

Rev. Anna H. Shaw, noted woman lecturer, and president of the National Woman Suffrage Association, is building a handsome home for herself at Moylan, Pa.

St. Louis boasts of a girl blacksmith —Minnie Hagmann, aged 16, who shoes horses as quickly and neatly as does her experienced blacksmith father.

The Finnish Legislature, which will be composed hereafter of one house only, will convene on May 22nd. Of the 190 members, 19 are women.

J. Y. Callahan, candidate for Railroad Commissioner in Oklahoma, said the other day in an address before the Democratic Nominating Convention of the First Congressional District, "We have given the right of suffrage to the illiterate, the bum and the hobo, and I think it is time to give it to our cultivated, intelligent women. The women of Oklahoma helped to build this Commonwealth and they ought to have the right to vote."

Mrs. Laura Howie, Secretary of the State Library Board in Helena, Mont., is experiencing the practical disadvantages of being without the ballot. The Attorney General has given as his opinion that she is not legally qualified to hold a State office because she is not a voter. Mrs. Howie has been secretary of the board for years and has given satisfaction. Now she and all the other women serving on State Boards find their positions endangered. A test case will be made and taken to the Supreme Court as soon as possible.

Does The American Woman Deserve Citizenship?

(From the Home Herald.)

The American woman has, in a special sense, deserved the ballot. She has pioneered a new country and traversed its deserts, taking a man's place amid the hardships of its early development. The motherhood and womanhood of America has given to the first nation of the world its most distinguished sons, and these have come, for the most part, not from the ranks of wealth, but from the farms and factories, from the great masses and the common people. The democracy, that has no cleavages between rich and poor, that debars no citizen from all the privileges of the franchise and public office, that allows no barriers on the score of race or creed, should be as generous to the mothers and daughters to whom is due in so large a measure whatever of freedom our nation boasts today, and the great men who have made this possible.

New State Moman Suffrage Association.

A State Woman Suffrage Association was recently organized in Indiana as a result of a meeting held at Kokomo. The new society already has about 15 local clubs affiliated with it, and, with a very strong official board, the outlook for growth is most promising. It was organized by Dr. Francis Woods, organizer, and Mrs. Harriet Taylor Upton, treasurer of the National American Woman Suffrage Association.

Jack London, the novelist, has a great affection for children.

In San Francisco there are twin sisters, little girls of 6 years, of whom Mr. London is fond.

On the way to his boat one morning Mr. London met one of the twins. He stooped and shook her hand.

"Good morning, my dear," he said. "And which of the twins are you?"

The little girl answered bravely:

"I'm the one what's out walkin'."

Diner (having discovered a collar button in his soup)—Waiter, what is this? Aren't you ashamed to serve up soup like this?

Waiter—You needn't complain, sir. That button entitles you to a prize in our surprise soup competition.—Pele Mele.

"I was just watching Markley while he was talking to you," said Smiley. "It was so funny the way he kept jumping up and down. What did he remind you of?"

"The $10 I've owed him since last October," replied Borroughs.—Philadelphia Press.

Mrs. Nurich, proudly—That clock on the stairs is more than two hundred years old.

Mrs. Blueblood Cutting-Ah, of whom did you buy it?

The young man spoke bitterly:

"Do you take me for a fool?"

"Oh, George," she said, "this is so sudden."—Memphis Journal.

For Over Sixty Years.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30th, 1906. Serial number 1098.

Enjoy the little you have while the fool is hunting for more—Spanish.

Relief from Sick Headache, Drowsiness, Nausea, Dizziness, Pain in the Side, guaranteed to those using Carter's Little Pills. These complaints are nearly always caused by torpid liver and constipated bowels. Restore these organs to their proper functions and the trouble ceases. Carter's Little Liver Pills will do this every time. One pill is a dose. Don't forget this. Price 25 cents.

Seek your joy in what you give, and not in what you get.—Evan Roberts.

That tired, languid feeling and dull headache is very disagreeable. Take two of Carter's Little Liver Pills before retiring, and you will find relief. They never fail to do good.

If you owe a dollar pay it;
If you owe a grudge forget it.

Always avoid harsh purgative pills. They first make you sick and then leave you constipated. Carter's Little Liver Pills regulate the bowels and make you well. Dose, one pill.

Red and green go well together—red hogs and clover.

All cases of weak or Lame back, backache, rheumatism, will find relief by wearing one of Carter's Smart Weed and Belladonna Backache Plasters. Price 25 cents. Try them.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Fashion Notes.

Cloisonne buttons ornament a handsome rajah costume.

Parasols of thin silk, painted in dainty designs, come in many styles and colorings, and for bridesmaid favors.

The dotted Swisses are especially suited for petticoat and matinee.

Cream colored silk net veils with spots printed in color are a departure among dressy veilings.

Collar and cuff facings are the exclusive point in motor coat modes and the demand for hand embroidery is found even here.

Some sandals, like slippers, are fastened, with as many as five straps across the ankle. The buttons for these are very large.

The capelike bolero is one of the popular fancies for the season. Many of these pelerine effects are seen, some of them detachable.

The long drooping shoulder and the kimona sleeve are seen in most of the new models. When combined with the pinafore waist they are quite charming.

Directoire coats are much seen, both in plain and striped effects. In cloth suits seen recently the lines of the jacket ran perpendicularly, while those on the skirt were diagonal.

Plaine voiles and those in Pekin or striped patterns constitute a majority of the more pretentious costumes seen and narrow black and white stripes are most favored. These are made up over white linings, as are almost all voiles of whatever color, and are elaborate in many ways.

The dark linens make a delightful change from light washing gowns, and in some of the new colors, as well as the old, promise to be most attractive. A fascinating shade is the pale olive, beloved of Paris, the nattier blue, the purple—a purple linen with touches of navy is very uncommon and smart if carried out well.

Johnny Was a Sport.

It happened in Sunday school. None of the children had studied their lessons, apparently, and as for Johnny, the new boy, he wasn't supposed to know much about it, anyhow.

"Now, Willie," said the teacher, "who was it swallowed Jonah?"

"I dun'no," giggled Willie.

"Bobbie, can you tell me who swallowed Jonah?" continued the teacher.

"You can search me," said Bobby.

"Tommy, who swallowed Jonah?" asked the teacher, a little severely this time.

"Please ma'am," whimpered Tommy, "it wasn't me."

"Well I declare," ejaculated the teacher. Then turning to the new boy, she asked, "Johnny who swallowed Jonah?"

"I'll bite," said Johnny. "What's the answer?"—Harper's Weekly.

Mutual.

The Laird—"Well, Donal', I met the pastor in London. He seems to be benefiting by the change."

Donal'—"Sae are we, sir; sae are we."—Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday.

Judge (to lawyer)—Mr. Sharp, are you defending this prisoner?

Lawyer—I am, your honor.

Judge—And how much is he charged with stealing?

Lawyer—Fifty dollars, your honor.

Judge—We'll let him go. He'll be punished enough, anyhow.

Lawyer—What do you mean, your honor?

Judge—Why, by the time you get that fifty dollars and then he works out the other hundred dollars you'll charge him he'll be sorry enough he ever was dishonest.—Toledo Blade.

Bertie (to caddie, searching for lost ball)—What are you looking there for? Why, I must have driven it 50 yards farther.

Diplomatic Caddie—But sometimes they hit a stone, sir, and bounce back a terrible distance.—Tit-Bits.

Two men approached a house to ask for something to eat. "I don't want to go in," said the first; "see that dog? "I hear him bark," said the second; "but you know a barking dog never bites." "Oh, yes, I know that," replied the first; "but does the dog know it?"

Jones (rather proud of his powers as a linguist)—And what do you think of my French?

Flemish maiden—Eet is wonderful. Ze most wonderful French I evair heard."—Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday.

Mother-in-Law—Has the young man who saved my life yesterday called upon you yet?

Son-in-Law—Yes, indeed, he has already made his apologies.—Translated for Transatlantic Tales from Fliegende Blatter.

Teacher—If coal is $5 per ton, how many tons could you get for $20?

Disturbing Element—Three tons.

Teacher—That's wrong.

Disturbing Element—I know it is, but they will do it just the same.—Harvard Lampoon.

"I am a worthless thing!" exclaimed the rejected and dejected young man, despairingly.

"Oh, no," replied the fair girl cheerfully. "Not worthless. Your skeleton alone would sell for twenty dollars."—Somerville Journal.

"What class of people do you think has been most benefited by the libraries you have founded?

"I'm not sure," answered Mr. Dustin Stax. "But I kind of suspect it's the architects."—Washington Star.

"You can't rake up anything against that candidate."

"Well, I happen to know he is in love with a married woman."

"Do you? Oh, who is she?"

"His wife."—Baltimore American.

First Tramp—It's pretty cold to-day; I'd hate to live at the north pole.

Second Tramp—So would I; I would not have the nerve to ask for a night's lodging, if the nights were six months long.—Smart Set.

I believe the safest financial course is a temperate one."

"Yes, but how can you follow such a course when money is tight?"—Baltimore American.

"What is an expert, father?"

"An expert, my son, is one who gets the money, and the more money he gets the more expert he is."—New York Herald.

"He's perfectly wild over his new auto."

"Huh! You should see him under it."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries as brief as is consistent with clearness. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.

Direct all communications to
MISS E. M. TILLEY,
Newport Historical Rooms,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1907.

NOTES.

THE ELLERYS OF AMERICA.

Continued.

Jane Bonner was daughter of John Bonner and Mary[1] Clark, born Cambridge, 6 March, 1661-5, died 20 April, 1697, daughter of Jonas Clark; in Cambridge, 1642, "a ruling elder in the Cambridge church." He married 2d his cousin Elizabeth Clark, 30 July, 1650. She died 21 March, 1672-3. He died 14 Jany, 1700.

Their children were:

34a. John, born Boston, 19 Feby, 1712, died Hartford, Conn., 14 Nov., 1746.

35. William, b. Boston, 7 April, 1716, d. y.

36. Mary, b. Boston, 1 Jan., 1717-18, died 15 Sept., 1721.

37. Nathaniel, b. Boston, 1 August, 1720, died 17 Oct., 1721.

38. Jane, b. Boston, 20 Oct., 1727, died 8 June, 1728.

34a. John Ellery married 1st, 20 Nov., 1735, Elizabeth, daughter of John Ruck of Hartford, and lived in Hartford, 28 July, 1737. Mary, daughter of John and Mary (Stanley) Austin. He died Hartford 14 Nov., 1746. Their children were:

39. John, born Hartford, 17 April, 1738, died 14 April, 1764.

40. William, born Hartford, 8 May, 1740, died 27 Aug., 1812.

41. Mary, b. Hartford, 28 April, 1742, d. young.

42. Thomas, b. Hartford, 1743, d. young.

43. Jane, b. Hartford, Dec., 1745, died 29 Aug., 1787, unmarried.

His widow Mary married 2d John Ledyard, of Hartford.

39. John Ellery married 27 Nov., 1760, Eunice, daughter of Capt. Nathaniel and Eunice (Talcott) Hooker, of Hartford. She died 8 July, 1800, aged 60; had

44. Eunice, born Hartford, 23 Aug., 1762, married 1 July, 1784, Joseph Hart of Hartford.

40. William Ellery married 1st Hartford, 26 Nov., 1761, Susannah Keith, bapt. 13 Jan., 1739-40, daughter of Capt. William and Marian (Lawrence) Keith of Hartford. She died 22 June, 1768. Their children were:

45. Mary, born Hartford, 15 June, 1762, died 21 Aug., 1781.

46. Susannah, b. Hartford, 25 Oct 1763, married 1. Edward Blagg of New York, and 2nd, Dr. Joseph Edwards of Watertown, Conn.

47. Jane, born Hartford 24 April, 1766, married 19 June, 1804, Major Henry Seymour of Hartford, son of Hon. Thomas and Mary (Ledyard) Seymour. He died 13 May, 1846, age 82. She died 15 Oct., 1851. They were the parents of Col. Thomas H. Seymour, Governor of Conn. and U. S. Minister to Russia.

48. William Ellery married as second wife Experience, dau. of John Ledyard, his step father, and Deborah Young, bapt. 5 April, 1747. She died 25 March, 1773, age, 25. He married 3d Hannah, daughter of Rev. Jonathan Marsh of New Hartford, Conn., widow of Caleb Watson, born 18 March, 1761.

Nathaniel Ellery, married first, 1 Jany., 1711, Abigail Norwood. He married second, 16. Feby. 1721, Ann[2] Sargent, born Gloucester, Mass., 1692, died 8 Oct., 1782, daughter of William (2) Sargent and Mary, daughter of Peter Duncan. (William Sargent, who came to Gloucester about 1640, and Mary Epes.) Their children were:

48. Mary, born 1722, married Rev. John Rogers.

49. Nathaniel, b. 1726, md. Ann Parsons.

50. William, b. 1730.

51. Daniel, b. 1733.

53. Epes, b. 1736.

Mary 48 Ellery and John Rogers had children:

John Rogers, married Sarah Hubbard.

Mary Rogers, md. James Riggs and Elias Haskell.

Anna Rogers, md. William Babson.

Susanna Rogers, md. John Babson.

Catherine Rogers, unmarried.

William Rogers, married Abigail Woodward.

Daniel Rogers, md. ——Sanders.

Sally Rogers, md. Theodore Stanwood.

To be continued.

QUERIES.

6437. HAWES—Edmund Hawes (also spelled Hawes, Hause and Housel married Mary Hawkins in Providence May 8, 1722; blacksmith; son of John Hawes and brother of John Hawes, of Providence; described as of Smithfield in 1731. When and where was he born; what became of him; what descendants?—J. W. H.

6438. LINDSAY—What became of Margaret Lindsay who, calling herself of Bristol, R. I., (then Mass.) receipted to her brother John Lindsay for her share of the estate of her father, John Lindsay of Lynn, Mass., June, 1705. I find no death or marriage of a Margaret Lindsay on the Bristol records.—M. C.

6439. ROGERS—Has any one the will of Robert Rogers, of Newburyport, Mass., who died Dec. 23, 1659? He came to Newburyport about 1650 with wife Susanna, and there had the following children: 1. Robert, b. April 28, 1650, 2. Thomas, b. July 9, 1652, 3. John, b. Mar. 13, 1651, 4. Susanna, b. Feb. 6, 1657, 5. Joshua, born August 1, 1658. Could there have been a daughter Elizabeth, born in 1649, perhaps in some other place? Would be glad for anything that might connect this family with the Elizabeth Rogers, born 1649, married July 17, 1666, to John Gladding, afterward of Bristol, R. I. John and Elizabeth (Rogers) Gladding named their first child Susannah.—E. M. T.

6440. CUMMINGS—Who were the ancestors of Keziah Cummings, of Rehoboth, Mass., who married, Oct. 25, 1744, Daniel Ormsbee. She died Sept. 14, 1749, in her 75th year.—E. W.

6441. ORMSBEE—Who were the parents of Ruth, wife of Daniel Ormsbee, of Rehoboth, Mass., who died there Mar. 28, 1749? He was born Mar. 2, 1690, and the inventory of his property was taken June 20, 1765. Their son Daniel was born Sept. 12, 1729, and married Keziah Cummings of above query. They had son John, born Jan. 25, 1755. Whom did he marry? E. W.

6442. FITCH—Who were the parents of Mary Fitch, who married Thomas Ormsbee, b. Nov. 11, 1645, d. 1716, father of Daniel who married Ruth ——. E. W.

6443. WRIGHT—Has any one evidence to show that Capt. Ezekiel Wright, of Cape Cod and Sandisfield, Mass., and Wethersfield, Connecticut, was a member of the Boston Tea Party?—M. B.

ANSWERS.

6130. WALKER—The personality of Sarah Walker, wife of Nathaniel (2) Warren, (Richard) (1) has never been fully established. She was probably the grand daughter of Jane Collier, wife of William, by a former husband. Or her mother could have been a daughter of William and Jane Collier, or her father a son of Jane Collier, by a former husband; or her mother, a daughter of Jane Collier, by a former husband. She was undoubtedly from this line. See Mayflower Descendants, Vol. 11, p. 61.—J. Le B. W.

6370. MARTIN—John Martin of Swansey, born 1633, died about 20 years before his wife. The record reads: "He married Johanna daughter of Thomas Esten of North Providence. She is said to have been born June 1, 1645, in Hertfordshire, England. John Martin of Swansey deceased this life ye 21st March 1713, aged 80 years. Johanna Martin died ye 23d March 1733 being 88 years old."

The will of John Martin was proved at Bristol April 6, 1713.—L. B. C.

6371. HAZARD—George Hazard, Judge and Mayor of Newport, who d. there (according to the inscription on his tomb stone) August 11, 1797, was the brother of Judge Carder Hazard, son of Governor George and Sarah (Carder) Hazard, and was born June 15, 1724, (S. Kingstown Record: tombstone June 18, 1721.) See "Hazard Family" for record of children.—L. B. C.

6372. HAZARD—Thomas Hazard, the progenitor of this family in America, and one of the founders of Newport, in 1639, became also one of the founders of Newton, L. I., in 1652, (Rikers's Annals) and served as first magistrate of the town. According to one account he did not reside there many years, but returned to Rhode Island, where his son Robert was settled, and died in 1680. Jonathan Hazard who remained in Newton, is believed by his descendants to have been the son of Thomas. He married Hannah, daughter of James Laurenson, and had five children: Thomas, James, Nathaniel, Elizabeth, and Sarah. He acquired a large property in Newton and filled many offices. He died in 1711. L. B. C.

6373. LADD—Elisha Ladd of North Providence, son of Joy Ladd, married 1804, Rhoda, daughter of Emor Olney. Dates of birth, and death seem to have been omitted in the printed record. Elisha's father removed to N. Y. State where he died in Schuyler Co. July 4, 1726, and some of the descendants of Joy Ladd lived at Havana in that county. L. B. C.

6357. PERRY—Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry was the nephew of Elizabeth Perry, his father's sister, who married Stephen Champlin. In the "Hazard Family," p. 105, the death of Elizabeth is given March 12, 1811, and that of her husband July 1818. L. B. C.

Inspector of Nuisances.

The Inspector of Nuisances reports that during the month of June, 1907, 719 inspections were made, divided as follows: Premises where inside or non-freezing closets were found, 392; dirty cellars, 2; cleaned, 1; dirty yards, 11; cleaned, 2; being cleaned, 2; waste pipe from sink leaking into the cellar, 1; drains stopped up and flowing into yard, 3; cleared, 2; drain stopped up and backing into basement, 1; cleared 1; water in cellars, 2; removed, 2; no sewage, cesspool flows onto adjoining premises, 1; filth and rubbish on land of R. R. Co., 1; condemned wells filled, 1; building privy contrary to law, 1; privy floor dangerous, 1; vaults found clean, 34; half full or less, 84; full or overflowing, 31; vaults open, contents exposed, 1; vaults condemned and nothing done, 9; vaults condemned and filled, 1; stables clean, 81; dirty stable yards, 2; open manure pits, contents exposed, 8; danger from rotten limb of tree, 1; removed, 1; contagious diseases inspected, 11; inspection of circus lot, 2; rubbish in street, 1; no cause for complaint, 3; not classified, 19. One sample of water sent to the State Board of Health for analysis.

A Good Showing.

It was made evident some time ago that the original Treasury estimates of the surplus for the fiscal year, which closed last Saturday, would be exceeded by a considerable amount. At the end of May the surplus amounted to over $65,000,000, which was $7,000,000 in excess of Secretary Shaw's estimate. At the close of business on Thursday the excess of receipts over expenditures amounted to over $82,700,000, and with the daily receipts heavily in excess of the expenditures, the Treasury officials looked for a surplus at the close of the year of about $85,000,000. This, as will be seen, represents an excess of $27,000,000 over the estimate originally made by Mr. Shaw when he was Secretary of the Treasury.

Jamestown.

Mr. Charles Brooks of Jamestown was badly injured on Tuesday while at work at Burnham's machine shop. An emery wheel burst, striking young Brooks on the shoulder. He suffered several fractures and was taken to his home in Jamestown.

The Priscilla

The very name suggests simplicity and simple beauty and never was an article of merchandise more aptly styled. Woven after the fashion of the old rag carpets, from material of snowy whiteness; with just enough coloring sprinkled in, either of delicate pink, blue or green, to make the color scheme.

SUMMER RUGS.

They are wonderfully well adapted for bedroom use or bath room, or even for the veranda, where fine effects are desired. The sizes are varied and the cost surprisingly low.

27x54	$1.35
36x60	1.65
4ft.x7ft.	4.25
6ft.x9ft.	8.25
9ft.x12ft.	15.75

A. C. TITUS CO.

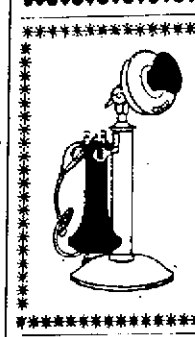
225-229 THAMES STREET, - NEWPORT, R. I.

Would You be Happier?

Make a start in life. Own your own house lot. Then build at your pleasure.
The Anthony Land Co. have subdivided the Wilbur Farm Tract into just the right sized house lots, and now offer them to the public at from 8 to 15 cents per foot.
Take a little trip out Bliss Road and see for yourself, if this is not an ideal place for a little home.
Note the short distance from the city, the beautiful view of the ocean and surrounding country. Note also that it is the right distance from the electric road, to have its convenience and escape the dust. Note that Bliss Road is macadamized.
Ask the people who purchased land of us on Malbone Road if they made any mistake.
Our policy is still the same, buy right and divide our good luck with our customers.
We closed up the Malbone Road land in a hurry, and expect even better things of this. Act quickly and get your pick of the land.
Don't be afraid to ask us for further information.

WM. E. BRIGHTMAN,

COR. SPRING AND FRANKLIN STREETS, Newport, R. I.



STORMS

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PROVIDENCE TELEPHONE CO.,
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Middletown.

Mrs. Cylinda Oxx is visiting her sister, Mrs. Alfred Hazard on Green End Ave.

Miss Elizabeth Betton of Newport entertained St. Columba's Guild on Friday afternoon at the home of her uncle, Dr. Walcott Gibbs on Gibbs Avenue.

The Middletown Methodist Episcopal church will entertain the Methodist Social Union on Tuesday evening of next week. The speaker of the evening will be Professor Marcus D. Buell of Boston University, a personal friend of the pastor, the Rev. H. H. Critchlow. Supper will be served under the direction of Mrs. Ida Brown.

"The Minister's Union" or as it is sometimes called, "The Preacher's Meeting," was held at the Methodist Parsonage on Monday afternoon.

Mrs. James Taber and children spent "the Fourth" with her parents Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Russell in New Bedford.

At the last quarterly conference held at the M. E. Church a committee was appointed to look up suitable grounds for a clambake, but as yet no desirable location has been settled upon. The selling of Southwick's Grove is a great loss to picnickers for while there are many groves on the Island, none seem to be so eminently fitting for this purpose as Southwick's Grove. So much time and labor would be required to put them in order that as yet no one has cared to undertake the work.

The Rev. John B. Diman and his sister, Miss Emily Diman, who sailed for Antwerp on June 22, are in Hungary and will attend on July 6 the wedding of one of their masters at St. George's School, Mr. Arthur S. Roberts, the instructor in Greek and English. Mr. Roberts and his bride will return to take up their residence at the school in the fall.

Mrs. Lydia Hart of Newport entertained the family of her son, Mr. Wm. V. Hart of Middletown, on "the Fourth."

Mr. Harford Albro of Providence is spending the week with Mrs. R. J. Grinnell and family.

The Rev. H. H. Critchlow of the M. E. church was one of the speakers of the summer Convention of the Rhode Island Sunday School Association of the Newport District which was held at Kay Chapel Newport on Tuesday. His subject was "How to Prevent the Leakage between the Sunday School and the Church." He has also been taking up the two topics, "The Christian Young Lady," and "The Christian Young Gentleman." The first subject was given Sunday evening last and the latter will be given the coming Sunday.

Miss Beth A. Peckham, teacher at the Wyatt School, has been invited to chaperone a party of teachers who are to "camp out" at "Whitecap Cottage," Portsmouth, early in the month.

Mrs. Karl M. Stone and son, of Newport are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ashton Harker on Turner's Road.

For Sale.

FOUR JERSEY COWS,

ALL FRESH.

CHESTER L. ALLEN,
Narragansett Pier, R. I.
6-29-2w

MORTGAGEE'S SALE

BY VIRTUE of the power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage Deed made by Barzilla B. Mitchell (Hannah R. Mitchell joining therein in token of her release of dower) to The Island Savings Bank, bearing date January 30, 1888, and recorded in Book No. 2, page 181, of the Records of Mortgages of real estate in the Town of New Shoreham, in the State of Rhode Island, there having been default in the payment of the note described in said mortgage and said default having continued for the term of more than ten days.

There will be sold at public auction, on SATURDAY, July 6th, A. D. 1907, at 2.15 o'clock p. m., on the premises hereinafter described, in said Town of New Shoreham, in said State of Rhode Island, all the right, title and interest of the said Barzilla B. Mitchell and Hannah R. Mitchell, and each of them at the time of the execution of said mortgage in and to a certain tract or parcel of land situated in the Northeast part of the Town of New Shoreham aforesaid, and bounded as follows: Northerly, on land of Barzilla B. Mitchell; Easterly, on land of said Barzilla B. Mitchell; Southerly, on land of Enoch Rose, and Westerly, on land of William M. and Elizabeth Rose; said tract of land contains about two acres, be the same more or less.

The undersigned hereby gives notice of its intention to bid at said sale.

ISLAND SAVINGS BANK,
by GEORGE H. PROUD, Treasurer,
6-15-4w Mortgagee.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE

BY VIRTUE of the power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage Deed made by Barzilla B. Mitchell (Hannah R. Mitchell, his wife, joining therein in token of her release of dower) to The Island Savings Bank, bearing date June 30, 1888, and recorded in Book No. 2, page 181, of the Records of Mortgages of real estate in the Town of New Shoreham, in the State of Rhode Island, there having been default in the payment of the note described in said mortgage and said default having continued for the term of more than ten days.

There will be sold at public auction, on SATURDAY, July 6th, A. D. 1907, at 2.15 o'clock p. m., on the premises hereinafter described, in said Town of New Shoreham, in said State of Rhode Island, all the right, title and interest of the said Barzilla B. Mitchell and Hannah R. Mitchell, and each of them at the time of the execution of said mortgage in and to a certain tract or parcel of land situated in the Northeast part of the Town of New Shoreham aforesaid, and bounded as follows: Northerly, on land of Barzilla B. Mitchell; Easterly, on land of said Barzilla B. Mitchell; Southerly, on land of Enoch Rose, and Westerly, on land of William M. and Elizabeth Rose; said tract of land contains about two acres, be the same more or less.

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ISLAND SAVINGS BANK,
by GEORGE H. PROUD, Treasurer,
6-15-4w Mortgagee.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE

BY VIRTUE of the power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage Deed, made by Barzilla B. Mitchell (Hannah R. Mitchell, his wife, joining therein in token of her release of dower,) to The Island Savings Bank, bearing date September 7th, A. D. 1906, and recorded in Book No. 3, page 381 of the Records of Mortgages in the Town of New Shoreham, in the State of Rhode Island, there having been default in the performance of the conditions contained in said mortgage:

There will be sold at public auction, on SATURDAY, July 6th, A. D. 1907, at 2.30 o'clock p. m., on the premises hereinafter described in said Town of New Shoreham, in the said State of Rhode Island, all the right, title and interest of the said Barzilla B. Mitchell and Hannah R. Mitchell, and each of them at the time of the execution of said mortgage in and to a certain tract or parcel of land together with all the buildings and improvements thereon (including a hotel, the "Spring House," so-called), and bounded and described as follows: Northerly, partly on land of David M. Rose and partly on land of the heirs of Nicholas Ball; Easterly, on the Ocean; Southerly, partly on land of Halsey C. Littlefield and partly on land of Enoch M. Rose; and Westerly, partly on land of William and Elizabeth Rose, partly on land of David M. Rose and partly on land of James E. Rose; containing by estimation about sixteen (16) acres more or less; and also all the goods and chattels and personal property, including the household and hotel wares, furniture and furnishings of whatever kind, nature or description, in the hotel "Spring House," situated on said parcel of land above described.

The undersigned hereby gives notice of its intention to bid at said sale.

ISLAND SAVINGS BANK,
by GEORGE H. PROUD, Treasurer,
6-15-4w Mortgagee.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE

BY VIRTUE of the power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage Deed, made by David M. Rose (Matilda Rose and Fannie E. Rose joining therein) to the Island Savings Bank, bearing date September 15, A. D. 1888, and recorded in Book No. 2, page 352, of the Records of Mortgages of real estate in the Town of New Shoreham, there having been default in the payment of the note described in said mortgage and said default having continued for the term of more than ten days.

There will be sold at public auction, on SATURDAY, July 6th, A. D. 1907, at four o'clock p. m., on the premises hereinafter described in said Town of New Shoreham, all the right, title and interest of the said David M. Rose, Matilda Rose and Fannie E. Rose, and of each of them at the time of the execution of said mortgage in and to those two certain tracts of land situated as follows—the first tract or parcel, situate in the South East part of the Town of New Shoreham, and bounded as follows: Northerly, on land of David M. Rose; Easterly, on land of Frank L. Angell; Southerly, on land of Freeman M. and John W. Milliken, and Westerly, on land of said David M. Rose, said tract of land contains by estimation six acres.

The second tract or parcel situate in the Northeast part of the Town of New Shoreham and bounded as follows: Northerly, on land of the said David M. Rose; Easterly, on the public highway; Southerly, on land of Arthur Ellis and Barzilla B. Mitchell; Westerly, on land of James E. Rose and the said David M. Rose

The undersigned hereby gives notice of its intention to bid at said sale.

ISLAND SAVINGS BANK,
by GEORGE H. PROUD, Treasurer,
6-15-4w Mortgagee.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE

BY VIRTUE of the power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage Deed, made by David M. Rose to the Island Savings Bank, bearing date August 31, A. D. 1888, and recorded in Book No. 2, page 218, of the Records of Mortgages of real estate in the Town of New Shoreham, there having been default in the payment of the note described in said mortgage and said default having continued for the term of more than ten days.

There will be sold at public auction, on SATURDAY, July 6th, A. D. 1907, at 4.15 o'clock p. m., on the premises hereinafter described in said Town of New Shoreham, all the right, title and interest of the said David M. Rose, at the time of the execution of said mortgage, in and to a certain tract or parcel of land situated in the South East part of the Town of New Shoreham, and bounded as follows: Northerly, on land of Caleb W. Dodge; Easterly, Southerly and Westerly, on land of David M. Rose; said parcel is what is known as the "Hill" lot and contains about five acres, be the same more or less.

The undersigned hereby gives notice of its intention to bid at said sale.

ISLAND SAVINGS BANK,
by GEORGE H. PROUD, Treasurer,
6-15-4w Mortgagee.

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MORTGAGEE'S SALE

BY VIRTUE of the power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage Deed made by Barzilla B. Mitchell (Hannah R. Mitchell joining therein in token of her release of dower) to The Island Savings Bank, bearing date January 30, 1888, and recorded in Book No. 1, Records of Mortgages of real estate in the Town of New Shoreham, in the State of Rhode Island, at page 217, there having been default in the performance of the conditions contained in said mortgage:

There will be sold at public auction, on SATURDAY, July 6th, A. D. 1907, at 2 o'clock p. m., on the premises hereinafter described, in said Town of New Shoreham, in said State of Rhode Island, all the right, title and interest of the said Barzilla B. Mitchell and Hannah R. Mitchell, and each of them at the time of the execution of said mortgage in and to a certain tract or parcel of land situate in the Town of New Shoreham aforesaid, containing by estimation about fourteen acres of land and is bounded as follows: Northerly, on lands of Nicholas Ball and partly on lands of the heirs of Thomas Rose, late deceased; Easterly, partly on the Bank and partly on the sea; Southerly, on lands of Halsey E. Littlefield and wife, and on lands of William Rose and wife, and partly on lands of the heirs of Thomas Rose, and West on lands of James E. Rose and the heirs of said Thomas Rose, together with the buildings and improvements thereon.

The undersigned hereby gives notice of its intention to bid at said sale.

ISLAND SAVINGS BANK,
by GEORGE H. PROUD, Treasurer,
6-15-4w Mortgagee.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE

BY VIRTUE of the power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage Deed made by Barzilla B. Mitchell (Hannah R. Mitchell, his wife, joining therein in token of her release of dower) to The Island Savings Bank, bearing date June 30, 1888, and recorded in Book No. 2, page 181, of the Records of Mortgages of real estate in the Town of New Shoreham, in the State of Rhode Island, there having been default in the payment of the note described in said mortgage and said default having continued for the term of more than ten days.

There will be sold at public auction, on SATURDAY, July 6th, A. D. 1907, at 2.15 o'clock p. m., on the premises hereinafter described, in said Town of New Shoreham, in said State of Rhode Island, all the right, title and interest of the said Barzilla B. Mitchell and Hannah R. Mitchell, and each of them at the time of the execution of said mortgage in and to a certain tract or parcel of land situated in the Northeast part of the Town of New Shoreham aforesaid, and bounded as follows: Northerly, on land of Barzilla B. Mitchell; Easterly, on land of said Barzilla B. Mitchell; Southerly, on land of Enoch Rose, and Westerly, on land of William M. and Elizabeth Rose; said tract of land contains about two acres, be the same more or less.

The undersigned hereby gives notice of its intention to bid at said sale.

ISLAND SAVINGS BANK,
by GEORGE H. PROUD, Treasurer,
6-15-4w Mortgagee.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE

BY VIRTUE of the power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage Deed, made by Barzilla B. Mitchell (Hannah R. Mitchell joining therein) to the Island Savings Bank, bearing date September 15, A. D. 1888, and recorded in Book No. 2, page 352, of the Records of Mortgages of real estate in the Town of New Shoreham, there having been default in the payment of the note described in said mortgage and said default having continued for the term of more than ten days.

There will be sold at public auction, on SATURDAY, July 6th, A. D. 1907, at 2.15 o'clock p. m., on the premises hereinafter described, in said Town of New Shoreham, in said State of Rhode Island, all the right, title and interest of the said Barzilla B. Mitchell and Hannah R. Mitchell, and each of them at the time of the execution of said mortgage in and to a certain tract or parcel of land situated in the Northeast part of the Town of New Shoreham aforesaid, and bounded as follows: Northerly, on land of Barzilla B. Mitchell; Easterly, on land of said Barzilla B. Mitchell; Southerly, on land of Enoch Rose, and Westerly, on land of William M. and Elizabeth Rose; said tract of land contains about two acres, be the same more or less.

The undersigned hereby gives notice of its intention to bid at said sale.

ISLAND SAVINGS BANK,
by GEORGE H. PROUD, Treasurer,
6-15-4w Mortgagee.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE

BY VIRTUE of the power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage Deed, made by Barzilla B. Mitchell (Hannah R. Mitchell, his wife, joining therein in token of her release of dower,) to The Island Savings Bank, bearing date September 7th, A. D. 1906, and recorded in Book No. 3, page 381 of the Records of Mortgages in the Town of New Shoreham, in the State of Rhode Island, there having been default in the performance of the conditions contained in said mortgage:

There will be sold at public auction, on SATURDAY, July 6th, A. D. 1907, at 2.30 o'clock p. m., on the premises hereinafter described in said Town of New Shoreham, in the said State of Rhode Island, all the right, title and interest of the said Barzilla B. Mitchell and Hannah R. Mitchell, and each of them at the time of the execution of said mortgage in and to a certain tract or parcel of land together with all the buildings and improvements thereon (including a hotel, the "Spring House," so-called), and bounded and described as follows: Northerly, partly on land of David M. Rose and partly on land of the heirs of Nicholas Ball; Easterly, on the Ocean; Southerly, partly on land of Halsey C. Littlefield and partly on land of Enoch M. Rose; and Westerly, partly on land of William and Elizabeth Rose, partly on land of David M. Rose and partly on land of James E. Rose; containing by estimation about sixteen (16) acres more or less; and also all the goods and chattels and personal property, including the household and hotel wares, furniture and furnishings of whatever kind, nature or description, in the hotel "Spring House," situated on said parcel of land above described.

The undersigned hereby gives notice of its intention to bid at said sale.

ISLAND SAVINGS BANK,
by GEORGE H. PROUD, Treasurer,
6-15-4w Mortgagee.

Real Estate Sales and Rentals.

A. O'D. Taylor has rented for the summer season for the Grace Putnam Estate the Middle Putnam Cottage on Conanicut Island, Jamestown, to Mr. J. Nota McGill of Washington, D. C.

A. O'D. Taylor has rented upper tenement at No. 7 Ledyard Place off Broadway, for H. Knobelsdorf to R. I. Ebbitt.

A. O'D. Taylor has rented for Miss Catherine Fitzpatrick her unfurnished cottage on Harrison Avenue, to Frank S. M'Lennan from Bath, Maine.

A. O'D. Taylor has rented for Frank Moore the unfurnished cottage No. 24 Connection street to John P. Finn.

A. O'D. Taylor has sold to Mr. and Mrs. Andrew I. Turner of Philadelphia the so-called "Swann Villa" on Cliff avenue, at the corner of Sea Cliff avenue, with 26,800 square feet of land belonging thereto. This villa contains 20 rooms, and was built by Governor Thos. Swann, formerly Governor of the State of Maryland. It is sold by Mr. Taylor for the Heirs of the late Mrs. Elizabeth S. Whipple who was Governor Swann's daughter and wife of John Whipple, Esq., of Newport.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

Newport, June 29th, 1907.

THE UNDERSIGNED, Executor of the last Will and Testament of ELIZABETH CURTIS CARR, late of the City of Newport, deceased, which Will has been admitted to probate by the Probate Court of the City of Newport, hereby gives notice that he has accepted said trust and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said court, within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

6-29-3w GEORGE W. FLAGG.

Court of Probate, Middletown, R. I., June 17, A. D. 1907.

W. SCOTT BARKER and SUSAN S. COGGESHALL present to this Court their petition, in writing, praying that James T. Barker may be appointed Administrator on the estate of their mother,

JULIA MARIA BARKER,

Widow, late of said Middletown, who deceased intestate.

It is ordered that said petition be referred for consideration to the Court of Probate, to be held at the Town Hall in said Middletown, on Monday, the fifteenth day of July next, A. D. 1907, at one o'clock, P. M., and that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week at least, in the *Newport Mercury.*

ALBERT L. CHASE,
6-22-1w Probate Clerk.

Court of Probate, Middletown, R. I., June 17, A. D. 1907.

SARAH M. WARD presents to this Court her petition, in writing, praying that she may be appointed Administratrix on the estate of her mother,

HARRIET N. WARD,

Widow, late of said Middletown, who deceased intestate.

It is ordered that said petition be referred for consideration to the Court of Probate to be held at the Town Hall, in said Middletown, on Monday, the fifteenth day of July next, A. D. 1907, at one o'clock p. m., and that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week at least, in the *Newport Mercury.*

ALBERT L. CHASE,
6-22-1w Probate Clerk.

NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATRIX.

THE UNDERSIGNED has been appointed by the Court of Probate of Middletown, R. I., Administratrix on the estate of her former husband, WILLIAM P. MANCHESTER late of said Middletown, deceased, has given bond to said Court as required and duly qualified herself as such Administratrix.

All persons having claims against the estate of said William P. Manchester, are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the Clerk of said Court, within six months from the date hereof, and those indebted thereto will make payment to the undersigned.

PHEBE E. T. MANCHESTER,
Administratrix.
Middletown, R. I., June 15, 1907—6-15-4w

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

New Shoreham, R. I., June 15, 1907.

THE UNDERSIGNED, Executrix of the last Will and Testament of GEORGE C. SPRAGUE, late of the Town of New Shoreham, deceased, which Will has been admitted to probate by the Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, hereby gives notice that she has accepted said trust and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

6-15-3w LILLIAN N. SPRAGUE,
Executrix.

Teachers' Certificates.

EXAMINATIONS for State Certificates will be held TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY, July 9 and 10, 1907, at the following places:

Providence, Rhode Island Normal School.
Newport, Rogers High School.
Woonsocket, High School.
East Greenwich, Academy.
Westerly, High School.

The examinations will begin each day promptly at 9 o'clock a. m.

Examinations will be given on Tuesday in Arithmetic, Geography, Spelling, Language, History and Physiology, for both Third and Fourth Grades.

On Wednesday, all examinations in Professional Subjects for all grades will occur.

All examinations for First and Second Grade Certificates will be held in Providence ONLY.

All persons intending to take the examinations must notify the undersigned on or before July 5 of the grade for which they wish to be examined and the place.

WALTER E. RANGER,
Secretary State Board of Education.
Box 182, Providence. 6-29-2w

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6-29-3w

NEWPORT NATIONAL BANK.

A SEMI-ANNUAL DIVIDEND of Four and one-half per cent. (4½) will be payable to the Stockholders, on and after Monday, July 1, 1907.

H. C. STEVENS,
6-29 Cashier.

New England Commercial Bank.

A SEMI-ANNUAL DIVIDEND will be paid to the Stockholders on and after July 1st, 1907.

N. UNDERWOOD, Cashier.
June 28th, 1907—6-29

ISLAND SAVINGS BANK.

THE TRUSTEES of this Bank have declared the usual Semi-Annual Dividend at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum, payable on and after July 15th, 1907.

GEORGE H. PROUD,
6-29 Treasurer.

NATIONAL EXCHANGE BANK.

THE DIRECTORS of this Bank have declared the usual semi-annual dividend at the rate of 3 per cent. per annum, payable to the stockholders July 1st, 1907.

GEORGE H. PROUD,
6-29 Cashier.

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—THE—

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A FINE ORCHESTRA ON EACH.

LEAVE NEWPORT—Week days at 9.15 p. m., Sundays at 10.00 p. m. Returning from New York Steamers leave Pier 19, North River, foot of Warren Street, week days and Sundays, at 5.30 p. m., due at Newport at 2.45 a. m., leaving there at 3.45 a. m., for Fall River.

For tickets and staterooms apply at New York & Boston Despatch Express office, 272 Thames street, J. I. Greene, Ticket Agent. Also at Saunder's wharf, Jamestown, A. W. BRICE, Ticket Agent.

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F. C. COLEY, Gen'l Pass'r Agt., N. Y.
C. C. GARDNER, Agent, Newport, R. I.

Block Island & Providence.

STEAMER New Shoreham

Leaves Commercial wharf, Newport, on week days, 11.15 a. m.; Sundays, 11.10 a. m. Due Block Island, week days, 1.15 p. m., Sundays, 1.10 p. m. Returning, leaves Block Island on week days and Sundays, 3.30 p. m. Due Newport, 5.15 p. m. Providence, 7.15 p. m.

The New England Steamship Company.
F. C. COLEY, Gen'l Pass'r Agt., N. Y.
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